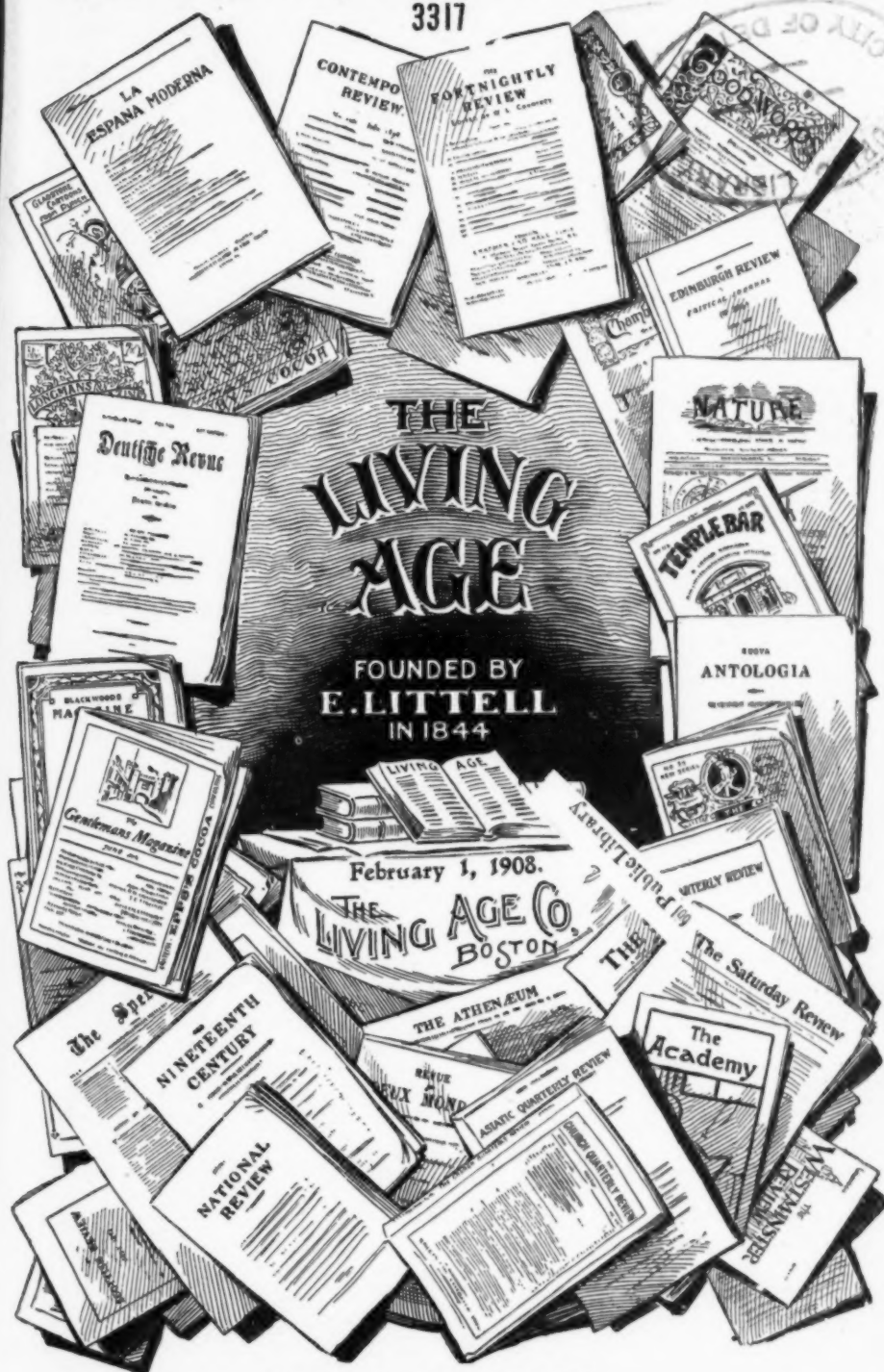


The True Imperialism. By Lord Curzon.

3317



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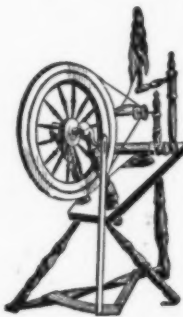
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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXVIII.

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Vol. CCLVI.

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IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

The ball flies high in the sunny air.
 "Catch it!" It falls. With tossing
 hair
 And fluttering skirts and shrieks of
 glee
 They race it to the shrubbery:
 Mary and Barbara, neck and neck,
 They laugh and race—to a sudden
 check.
 Their voices fall in a dying hush;
 For there, behind that flowering bush,
 Aloft upon a barren Tree
 Hangs One in agony.

Full on His face the westering sun
 Shows where the mortal drops have
 run.
 The writhen body, gaunt and bare,
 Gleams ghastly through the gentle air.
 Where white flowers wave about His
 feet,
 And garden sights and smells are
 sweet,
 Childhood and play, with bated breath,
 Look face to face on pain and death;
 Where, high, alone, upon the Tree
 Hangs One in agony.

Children, laugh on, and in His name
 Run, throw the ball and join the game.
 He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
 Who paid the price that bought your
 glee.

We only dare to laugh and play,
 To joy in the sun and the garden gay,
 To be brave and happy and love our
 friends,
 And be glad when the day begins and
 ends,
 Because upon the bitter Tree
 He hangs for you and me.

H. C.

The Academy.

A MAN.

O for a living man to lead!
 That will not babble when we bleed;
 O for the silent doer of the deed!

One that is happy in his height:
 And one that, in a nation's night,
 Hath solitary certitude of light!

Sirs, not with battle ill-begun
 We charge you, not with fields unwon
 Nor headlong deaths against the dark-
 ened gun;

But with a lightness worse than dread;
 That you but laughed, who should
 have led,
 And tripped like dancers amid all our
 dead.

You for no failure we impeach,
 Nor for those bodies in the breach,
 But for a deeper shallowness of speech.

When every cheek was hot with
 shame,
 When we demanded words of flame,
 O ye were busy but to shift the blame!
Stephen Phillips.

AFTERWARDS.

Dearest, when I lie asleep,
 Will you come?
 Not, perchance, to sigh or weep
 Over dust that lieth dumb;
 But remembering how we met
 In the sun-tides that have set,
 Though you think that I forget,
 Dearest, come!

Where the tangled grasses blow
 In the wind,
 Come as in the long ago,
 Sometimes vexed and sometimes kind.
 Come for just a little space
 To that solitary place.
 With the sunshine of your face,
 Dearest, come!

Leaves shall rustle a reply
 At your feet;
 Love shall answer though not I.
 When the past and present meet,
 Recollecting words once spoken
 Ere companionship was broken—
 Just to bring and take a token,
 Dearest, come!

Arthur L. Salmon.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

WORDS.

When I take pen in hand to write
 The golden words of love's delight
 That all the happy day within
 My head have made a merry din,
 On flashing pinions they take flight:

And leave me only, as of old,
 Words spiritless, outworn and cold;
 And so this paper, white as curds,
 I stain with dull and sombre words
 Instead of singing words of gold.
Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM.

The following address was delivered by me, as President for the year 1907 of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, in the Town Hall, at Birmingham, on the 11th of December. As the newspaper reports were necessarily condensed, and as the address may perhaps appeal to a wider audience than that which heard it, I have been urged to give it a wider publicity. The courtesy of the Editor of this Review has provided me with the opportunity; and the address is accordingly reproduced in the form in which it was delivered.

Curzon.

I have taken as the subject of my address to-day what I describe as the True Imperialism. I do not thereby suggest that there is a false Imperialism, though it may be that strange figures sometimes masquerade under a disguise to which they can lay no claim. More often they are distorted images of the original, deliberately constructed for purposes of censure or ridicule by unscrupulous opponents. In truth there cannot be a false Imperialism, if the proper meaning of the conception as the Faith of Empire be borne in mind. I shall, however, as I proceed, hope to make clear the difference between the original and the baser caricatures to which partisan speech and writing sometimes give birth.

I have chosen this subject for my address for two reasons. In the first place I think that a man placed in the honorable position of President of the Midland Institute—a position that has been filled by many of the most distinguished Englishmen of their time, and that has called forth many notable utterances in the past—should, if he cannot compete with his predecessors in public credit, at least emulate them in the sincerity and earnestness with

which he chooses his message, whatever it may be. I speak of Empire therefore because I am a convinced and unconquerable Imperialist, who by the accident of events has been called upon to spend the whole of his working manhood in the study or the service of Empire, and to whom it has come to be a secular religion, embodying the most sacred duty of the present, and the brightest hope for the future; and because, so feeling, I welcome a platform from which to utter the belief that is in me. And my second reason is this: To what place could I come more likely to receive such a message with an enlightened but businesslike comprehension than here? The citizens of no mean city, who with a genius for industrial enterprise and a local patriotism that is almost Hellenic in its ardor, have raised your town to a unique place among the great manufacturing capitals, not merely of England but of the world, you have for the past twenty years identified yourselves with the politics of Empire. You have nourished in your midst and have again and again sent out on his public mission the greatest imperial statesman of this generation—the man of whom, whether you agree or disagree with his particular views, it would be stark prejudice to deny that he is animated by a noble devotion to his country and an impassioned belief in its destinies. At a time when other places and districts have fallen away, you have stood fast to your convictions, as I doubt not that when the opportunity offers you will do again. Where then could I better come than to Birmingham, to attempt an analysis and demonstration of the faith that I believe to be equally in you and in me?

From what platform so suitable as this Town Hall, which is almost the central altar of the British democracy, should I address my countrymen in the endeavor to show them what it is that Empire means, in what sense it is vital to them, why it ought to be deep in their hearts and fervent, though never boastful, on their tongue?

I have no time to deal this evening with the history or growth of the British Empire. Two theories have been much in vogue to explain the facts. The first is the idea that the Empire has been built up by a succession of wicked and unscrupulous men, that Empire-makers are as a rule commandment-breakers, and that Proconsuls—a class to which I am so fortunate or unfortunate as to belong—represent in general a peculiarly dangerous type. Years ago, before Mr. John Morley had had the opportunity of showing that he could deal with a great Empire in the spirit of a great statesman, he wrote a book in which he spoke of Warren Hastings as "the great criminal" and the foundation of British dominion in India as "a long train of intrigue and crime." I do not know whether with fuller knowledge he would hold these views now. I hope not. Anyhow I believe them to be incapable of historical demonstration. Some Empire-makers have been bad and vicious men. By no stretch of imagination could Caesar or Napoleon possibly be described as good men. But these characteristics have not been confined to the making of Empires. Crime has hovered over the birth of liberty equally with that of despotism, and small States have produced their villains with as much or as little regularity as large ones. If we look at the list of the men who have carved out the British Empire, we shall find that moral virtues, a spirit of humanity, and an almost puritanical fervor have

been more common qualities than those of the filibuster or the bandit. In India in particular, after a careful examination of the evidence, I hold that no substantial case can be made out either against Clive or Warren Hastings; and that those who have added most to our Empire there have been men with clean hands and a high moral purpose. Empire in general can no more be fairly discredited by a slur upon the character of its agents, often working amid surroundings of political and moral upheaval, than painting or poetry can be condemned because some poets have been immoral and some painters lax.

The second theory, which I believe to be equally fallacious, is summed up in the famous phrase that the British Empire was acquired in a fit of absence of mind; or in the more recent apophthegm that what was won in a night may be lost in a day. It has needed many days and nights, even in the widest acceptation of the terms, and the concentrated purpose of many minds, to build the British Empire. True it may be that our advance has often been fortuitous, that we have blundered into many of our greatest triumphs, and that we have often been compelled to go forward because of the short-sighted precipitation with which we had previously endeavored to go back. But while the masses of men, and even the statesmen, who are by no means as a class more far-sighted than their fellows, have thus stumbled and erred, in the background have been working unseen but powerful forces, the spirit of enterprise inherent in our race, the laws of economic and political gravitation, and the dynamic conceptions of master-minds. Warren Hastings and Wellesley foresaw an India very different from the India of the counting-house. Rhodes conceived a British Africa stretching from the Northern to the

Southern seas. I would describe the Empire therefore as the result, not of an accident or a series of accidents, but of an instinct—that ineradicable and divinely implanted impulse, which has sent the Englishman forth into the uttermost parts of the earth, and made him there the parent of new societies and the architect of unpremeditated creations.

As a result of three centuries of such effort, we have the British Empire as it now exists. It is recorded that Philip the Second of Spain in the reign of Queen Elizabeth took a small map of the world, laid his little finger upon the tiny spot of England, and having thus obliterated it, asked where England was. It was nowhere then. But by contrast it is everywhere now. I do not propose to parade the arithmetical constituents of the Empire before you or to exult in the number of territories, and islands, and cities, and peoples that acknowledge allegiance to our King. I have not brought a map here, with vermillion splashes spread about over sea and land. It is enough to say that about one fourth of the world's surface and more than one-fourth of the world's inhabitants are included in the British Dominion. It is the largest Empire that now exists or that ever has existed. It is also unique in character and organization. But numbers are not the main thing, except as indicating the scale of importance and responsibility; the test is not size, but the work done, the good things accomplished, the bad things wiped out, the general impress left upon the well-being of mankind.

Two features we may at once notice. Wherever this Empire has extended its borders—and I am far from confining the claim to the British Empire, though I think it is on the whole more

true of Anglo-Saxon expansion than of other races—there misery and oppression, anarchy and destitution, superstition and bigotry, have tended to disappear, and have been replaced by peace, justice, prosperity, humanity, and freedom of thought, speech, and action. I need not labor that point. But there also has sprung, what I believe to be unique in the history of Empires, a passion of loyalty and enthusiasm which makes the heart of the remotest British citizen thrill at the thought of the destiny which he shares, and causes him to revere a particular piece of colored bunting as the symbol of all that is noblest in his own nature and of best import for the good of the world. When Rome was threatened by the barbarians, she called to her standard her scattered legions from far and near, and they frequently rebelled and mutinied on the way. But there never rallied to her aid the offspring of her own loins, as Australla and Canada poured their volunteer manhood into South Africa. Crowds of titled Franks and Goths paraded the streets of Rome, and were even designated Roman senators and citizens. But they were quite as ready to pillage its temples as to marvel at them. It is this particular loyalty, which is more than patriotism, since it inspires not the Englishman only, but the foreign-born members of the Empire, the African chieftain or the Indian prince, who are poles apart from the Englishman, which strikes me as the distinctive feature of our Empire. Partly, and more of course in the case of the Englishman than of alien races, it arises from the sense of common citizenship. More still, and irrespective of race, it seems to be identified with the conception of a single and powerful Sovereign. I have no time to develop this point to-night. But just as a Caesar was found to be essential to the Roman Empire, and

the magic of the name and conception continued to prevail even after they had been dishonored by military upstarts or contemptible debauchees, so I believe the British Empire to be inseparable from the idea of a single sovereign, of ancient lineage, and personal prestige. There is no limit, in sagacious hands, to the useful and even indispensable capacities of the British Crown. A British Empire that had no visible head but a Prime Minister, or even the President of a Republic, would not last for twenty-five years.

Great Britain, however, is by no means alone in her career of Empire. She started earlier upon the quest, impelled thereto by the roving spirit of her sons, by her aptitude both for the sea and for trade, and in the last century by her early command of the resources of coal and steam. But the example has found faithful followers, and expansion seems to be the law of the modern vigorous and progressive State. How futile it is to decry empire, or to protest that virtue is only found or is more readily found in small communities, when we observe that other nations, alike the most autocratic and the most republican, are following a similar bent. If Russian expansion is capable of being regarded as Cæsarism, and of being identified with the Imperialism of material rather than moral force, what is to be said of the Empire-making phase upon which America, the most democratic and hitherto the least imperial of all great countries, has entered? I believe that even at this moment if you were to poll the whole of the United States, you would find a large and possibly an overwhelming majority opposed to any concrete policy of imperial expansion. But circumstances have proved too strong for the Americans. The same impulse that carried

them early in the last century to the Rockies and the Pacific, now that the continent has filled up, is driving them further afield. It has compelled them to lay hands upon the Samoan and Sandwich groups in the open Pacific, to assume charge of Porto Rico as they will ultimately have to assume charge of Cuba, to clutch at the Isthmus of Panama, and in the case of the Philippines to stretch out their hands even to the shores of Asia. Political parties may denounce, and the more thoughtful Americans may deplore, the expansion. But I doubt if any President, Democratic or Republican, will come to Congress with a message proposing to revoke it. If then, even in the case of a nation where there is so little of the instinct of militarism or aggrandizement as America, the country is found heading straight towards an imperial destiny, is not the conclusion inevitable that she is merely obeying a general law, and that Providence, once pronounced to be on the side of the big battalions, is now found to be on the side of the big nations? In Europe the same lesson is taught by Germany, which has repudiated Bismarck's warnings against over-seas adventure; by Italy, which has barely achieved national consolidation before she starts forth upon external expansion; and by France, the growth of whose Colonial Empire is only second to that of our own. Japan has been swept into the same vortex and cannot resist the inexorable compulsion. If the doom of small nations has not sounded, at least the day of great nations seems to have dawned.

Amid these modern Empires the British Empire stands distinguished, not merely by its earlier start and its superior extent but also by its unique composition. It is not a mere grouping of territorial acquisitions achieved by the valor or good fortune of the race. It is not a cluster of subordi-

nate units grouped in deferential pose round an imperial centre. It is neither a military Empire, as was that of Rome, nor a federal Empire, as is that of modern Germany. We may distinguish four factors in it which in a peculiar but not inharmonious relation to each other constitute the whole. I know of no image more apposite than the astronomical phenomenon of the planet Saturn with its concentric rings.

Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring.

In the centre is the core and heart of the Empire in these islands, whence flows the central light and flame. In the language of politics we furnish the supreme government, we exercise a general control over the policy, and we undertake the naval and military defence. Around the centre of the system revolve two rings of scarcely inferior brightness, each composed of a multitude of satellites, great and small, spinning in an ordered maze of light and sound. One consists of the self-governing Colonies, peopled by our own kin, equal and independent nations, not merely in the making but in fact; the other or secondary ring consists of the Crown Colonies and remaining imperial possessions and protectorates. And then, just as among the encircling belts of the planet Saturn is seen a mysterious film of darker hue, which is known to astronomers as the Crape or Dusky ring, so around the pivot of our imperial system revolves the darker rim of India, a whirlwind of scintillating stars, drawn into the same orbit and obedient to the same law. The simile is no fantastic one: for it is intended to show to you that each part in the imperial system is co-ordinated to the other, and that centre and outskirts move in deference to the same mysterious rule. You cannot in the Empire any more than

in the constellation separate the one from the other, or argue that the centre is more important than the circumference. I remember reading a few years ago a remark made by the present Prime Minister that the object of his party was the strengthening of the centre of the Empire, instead of wasting our force upon its outskirts. The first part of the sentence was sound enough. But there was a world of fallacy, and as I think of danger, in the second. It showed in a flash the difference between the Imperial and the anti-Imperial standpoint. To the Imperialist the outskirts of Empire—India, Canada, New Zealand, Natal—are not less important than London, Liverpool, or Birmingham. We ought not to think more of them, but we ought not to think less. If the Colonies had taken a similar line we should have had no Colonial contingents in South Africa. If they should henceforward begin to think mainly or exclusively, of themselves as the inhabitants of these islands were invited in this passage to do, you would very soon have no Colonies to think about at all. If there were no outskirts there would be no Empire. As America has gone so might Canada, Australia, and South Africa go. There are plenty of influences at work to tempt or encourage the severance. A sheaf of popular arguments could easily be found for casting off the Indian burden. Other countries, more wide awake than ourselves, would speedily relieve us of the remaining excrescences, and, the outskirts thus conveniently disposed of, we might devote ourselves with ardor to the task of strengthening the centre, which by that time would be a centre of nothing, because its circumference would have ceased to exist.

I invite you to pause for a moment at this point and to think of what

the position of this country would be if such consequences were to ensue. I should like to bring it home to the English working man, who is every whit as much concerned as the consul or the statesman. When he is told that the Empire is a corrupt, or immoral, or useless thing, let him picture to himself how he would fare without it. Let us suppose then that our great Colonies have left us, whether, to use the well-known simile of the French statesman, they have dropped like ripe pears off the branch, or have been estranged by some act of contumely or policy of indifference. Let us assume that India has cast off our yoke, and is either a prey to intestine warfare, or, as is more probable, is being cut to pieces by rival Powers. When India has gone and the great Colonies have gone, do you suppose that we can stop there? Your ports and coaling stations, your fortresses and dockyards, your Crown Colonies and protectorates will go too. For either they will be unnecessary as the toll-gates and barbicans of an empire that has vanished, or they will be taken by an enemy more powerful than yourselves. Then with a navy reduced, for there would be nothing but these shores for it to defend, and with a small army confined to home-service, what would be the fate of our home population? England, from having been the arbiter, would sink at the best into the inglorious playground, of the world. Our antiquities, our natural beauties, our relics of a once mighty sovereignty, our castles and cathedrals, our mansion houses and parks, would attract a crowd of wandering pilgrims. People would come to see us just as they climb the Acropolis at Athens, or ascend the waters of the Nile. A congested population, ministering to our reduced wants, and unsustained by the enormous demand from India and the Colo-

nies, would lead a sordid existence, with no natural outlet for its overflow, with no markets for its manufactures beyond such as were wholly or partially barred to it by hostile tariffs, with no aspiration but a narrow and selfish materialism, and, above all, with no training for its manhood. Our emigrants, instead of proceeding to lands where they could still remain British citizens and live and work under the British flag, would be swallowed up in the whirlpool of American cosmopolitanism, or would be converted into foreigners and aliens. England would become a sort of glorified Belgium. As for the priceless asset of the national character, without a world to conquer or a duty to perform, it would rot of atrophy and inanition. To use Wordsworth's splendid simile—"the flood of British freedom would perish in bogs and sands, and to evil and to good be lost for ever."

I am not contending for a moment that such is the picture which even the most partisan or perverted imagination deliberately sets before itself. But assuredly it is the logical consequence of the policy which many preach. Great Empires before now have sunk to small States. It may be that in the fulness of time the turn of England will come too. But at least let it not be done of her own act, and in the plenitude of her powers. Whatever our politics, let us not voluntarily allow our locks to be shorn. In Empire we have found not merely the key to glory and wealth, but the call to duty, and the means of service to mankind. Let us no more forswear Empire than we would adjure our own souls.

Such being the manner in which Empire has been won and is now held, in what spirit should it be administered or regarded? The answer to

that question will give us the true imperialism. If you have an Empire you must have Imperialism, Imperialism being the essence or spirit of Empire. An Empire cannot be maintained without Imperialism any more than a workshop can be run without a knowledge of mechanics, or a picture gallery without a sense of art. Even the Roman Empire, starting as it did with the passion for conquest, before long developed an idea, which was the diffusion of law and order through the entire civilized world, surrounded by but defended from the barbarian ring. That was the Imperialism of Ancient Rome. The Roman Empire of the Middle Ages, anachronistic and anomalous as in many respects it was, retained its existence because there was connected with it a survival of the same idea, the idea of order amid anarchy, of universal authority and a universal law. Charlemagne and Napoleon, Alexander and Akbar, each had his Imperial idea. What then should be ours?

First let me repudiate the many caricatures which are put forward with such suspicious alacrity by those who are enemies to Imperialism because they are enemies to Empire itself. There are many of these grinning masks set up to frighten or deceive, and it is a peculiar feature of the majority of them, indicating their spurious manufacture, that their authors cannot describe them by the ordinary resources of the English language. Sometimes we are told that Imperialism is Militarism, which I see defined in the dictionaries as an excess of the military spirit. I confess that to accuse us in this country of militarism, when it is with the utmost difficulty that we obtain recruits for our exceedingly limited army, when the soldier's uniform, instead of being regarded as it ought to be, as a source

of pride, seems generally to be treated as if it were something to be ashamed of and hidden away, when we are so absurdly backward in military organization that every fresh War Minister seeks to distinguish himself by inventing a new military system (which commonly passes into oblivion along with its author), and so deficient in military knowledge that we go to war without maps of the country which we are called upon to invade or defend, when it is notorious among foreign nations that a British Government almost has to be kicked and cuffed before it will consent to fight, and when, having gone to war, we only come through, if we do, after a series of deplorable fiascoes and blunders at the start,—I say that to accuse such a people of being easily tempted into a policy of military adventure or braggadocio is almost a joke. If on the other hand militarism were held to imply that upon every nation is imposed the obligation of self-defence, and that national independence does rest in the last resort upon the possession of adequate force, then I wish that we were rather more militarist than we are; for I hold compulsory training to be of the essence of citizenship, and I think that our Empire will very likely some day break down unless it be applied. There is no call to draw the sword from the scabbard or to brandish it in the air. It is a common saying that we hold India by the sword, and in the last resort every dominion must rest upon the sanction of force. But when I went there as Viceroy, I registered a vow that I at least would never use the phrase, for it seemed to me that we hold India far more by moral force than by bayonets; and in seven years I was never unfaithful to my pledge. The army is strong in India, stronger than in any other part of the Empire. But even there, unless you are foolish enough to impair the supremacy of

the civil authority, militarism cannot prevail.

A variation of the same charge is the allegation that Imperialism means Jingoism, which I take to be a swaggering and aggressive attitude; or Chauvinism, an image for which we have to cross the Channel, and which I fancy means the sort of exaggerated national pride that finds vent in the war-whoops of the music-hall stage. But music halls are not the council chambers of statesmen, and Cabinet Ministers are not or are not supposed to be comedians, and I doubt if a public man could now be found in any country who would conduct a policy in any such spirit. Even if there were, it would not be in the ranks of Imperialists that I should expect to find him.

The other day I was reading an article in a responsible magazine which had recourse to yet another diction in order to express the same idea. The policy that led up to the Boer War was described as "megalomania," or the insane craving for expansion; and in the course of a few pages I culled the following gems:—"blatant Imperialism," "reckless cupidity," "lust of Empire," "vanity of racial domination," and "greed of commercial gain." I suppose that the writer, unless absolutely blinded by partisanship, must have found some meaning in his own vocabulary. But I own that it did not impress me. For I said to myself, Would the best heads and the most honorable minds in England have supported that war if it sprang from so tainted a motive? Would thousands of Englishmen have laid down their lives in such a cause? And would 50,000 of our Colonial offspring have leaped to our

aid from the zone of the Northern Lights to the zone of the Southern Cross, had they not felt that something purer and nobler than earth-hunger, or gold-hunger, or ambition was at stake? They fought for us because they saw that the integrity of the Empire was imperilled, that a secessionist movement had been started which unless arrested would not stop at Pretoria or Cape Town, and that in the face of such a peril the Empire must put forth its united strength. It was not the lust for becoming great that fired those ardent and passionate volunteers, but the fear of becoming small.

History justifies the same conclusion. No generalization can be more historically inexact than to say that Great Britain has been urged into an imperial career by national vanity or territorial greed. If our Empire has advanced by leaps and bounds, it has commonly been in spite of our Government and statesmen. There is hardly an important acquisition from which we have not at some time or other tried to recede. The parings of the British Empire throughout the world, *i.e.* the areas which it has at one time held and has afterwards surrendered, would make a respectable Empire of themselves.¹ It was the French who drove us to the territorial conquest both of Canada and India. Even when Wolfe died on the Heights of Abraham and when Clive scattered the Nawab's troops at Plassey, we did not grasp our destiny. South Africa fell in to us against our will. Lord Salisbury, himself an Imperialist, strove his hardest to extricate us from Egypt. We have thrice conquered and thrice evacuated Afghanistan. I believe that

¹ Omitting France, Holland, and Hanover, which were at one time united by dynastic accidents to the British Crown, and the United States of America, which seceded, we have at different times held the following countries or possessions: In Europe, Minorca, Corsica, the Ionian Islands, Heligoland; in Africa, Tan-

gier; in Asia, Java, the Philippines, the Celebes, the Moluccas; in South America, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres; in the West Indies, Cuba, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Curaçao. In addition we have temporarily garrisoned or administered Sardinia, Elba, and Sicily.

our rivals and opponents would attribute these permutations to a more than Machiavellian cunning. But I cannot see how any fair-minded student of history can peruse its pages without realizing that, however our Empire has grown great, it has certainly not been from the passion of territorial cupidity or from an appetite for dimensions.

Among the false images of Imperialism which have been set up by its enemies, there is one only against which I think that we ought to be on our guard. In a country so qualified as ours by aptitude and experience for the pursuit of commerce there is always a fear that empire may rest upon too material a basis. Commercialism and materialism are dangers against which the Imperialist requires to be specially upon his guard. The maxim that Trade follows the Flag suggests the planting of the flag in order that it may be followed by trade. In my view the reverse is much more historically correct, namely that the Flag follows the Trade. It is indisputable that both our Indian and our African dominions had an economic origin. But here again we must be careful not to exaggerate the risk. There is nothing ignoble or even selfish in seeking fresh markets for our produce or manufactures: there is nothing wrong in establishing influence in an unsettled or derelict country with a view to bring wealth to our own people. Japan would never have been opened had it not been for European and American traders; the New World would never have been occupied but for similar reasons. Trade benefits not merely the alien trader but the individual with whom he trades; and it is much better that relations with unknown countries should develop out of barter than that they should spring from violence. But there is a certain risk lest the Empire be defended too exclusively as a commercial speculation, as

a splendid investment for the population of these islands. Both of these it can be shown to be. But unless it is much more, it will not more survive than did the trading Empires of the Portuguese or the Dutch, both of which perished because they rested exclusively upon the extraction of commercial profit from their subjects or victims. What the true Imperialism must seek to embody and to enforce, outside of the conceptions with which we have hitherto been dealing, let me now endeavor to explain.

We have seen how our Empire has been developed until it has attained its present form, and we have said that Imperialism is the spirit in which the problem of Empire is handled. That spirit involves both a conviction, a policy, and a hope. The conviction is the firm belief that the Empire represents no mere fortuitous concourse of atoms, which by a succession of accidents have been united under the hegemony of the British Crown, but that it is a preordained dispensation, intended to be a source of strength and discipline to ourselves, and of moral and material blessing to others. Do you imagine that the finest intellects and the noblest characters of our time, the Havelocks, and Lawrences, the Gordons, and Freres, would have given their lives to a phantom, or their reverence to an idol of clay? It has been said that the first great Imperialist was Oliver Cromwell. A long succession from Chatham and Pitt, to Beaconsfield, and Cromer, and Chamberlain, have handed on the sacred torch. Each one of these men has been firmly convinced of the destiny of his country. The same belief shines out from the speeches of another great Imperialist, Lord Milner. An honorable pride in our inheritance, a belief that it carries with it great obligations, and a resolve to retain it intact, are char-

acteristics of the life work of all these men. But do not suppose for a moment that these sentiments are the monopoly of intellect or experience alone. I believe them to be shared by the great majority of the working classes of this Empire. I am not myself a believer in Socialism, though there is much to attract in the Socialist ideal. But even were I a Socialist, I can see no reason why my ideas should not be set in the framework of an Empire, as well as in that of an industrial Republic. I am not aware that Republics are any more favorable to Socialism than Empires, and I recall that the late Mr. Richard Seddon, who always declared himself an arch Socialist, was one of the most ardent Imperialists in the British Empire. Empires in the past have been as a rule evolved out of despotic or autocratic conceptions. But it is certain that if the Empire of the future is to continue, it must rest upon a democratic basis, and must satisfy democratic ideals. I decline altogether to believe that this is an impossible aspiration. Whether democracies will possess the sobriety and the patience, the breadth of view, and the tenacity to maintain great Empires intact, remains to be proved. America, which is relatively homogeneous, and has hitherto encountered no serious enemy, affords inadequate guidance. But that democracies will have the sense and the insight to understand Empire and to incorporate it in their political formulas I entertain no doubt. Incidentally they will find in it an invaluable antidote to the parochialism that is the bane of domestic politics, and the insularity that hampers smaller States.

Imperialism, however, must give us more than a conviction. In the case of the British Empire, at any rate, it would ill justify itself unless it were

to furnish us with a policy. What that policy must be is clear. The Empire is still only in a fluid and transitional formation; it has yet to be welded into a great world-state. The constituents are there; the spirit is there; but the problems are still unsolved and the plan has yet to be produced. We have so to work that the concentric rings shall continue to revolve round the central star, not merely because it has hitherto been the law of their being, but because it is their interest and their voluntary choice. In the economy of the Imperial household we are dealing not with children but with grown men. At our table are seated not dependents or menials but partners as free as ourselves, and with aspirations not less ample or keen. That they are bound to us by sentiment is a priceless asset; to throw it away would be a criminal blunder. This is the Colonial problem. The Indian problem is much more difficult; for there we are dealing, not with young and eager democracies of our own blood, but with a society cast in a conservative and rigid mould, divorced from our own by religion, custom and race; though here, too, a spirit of nationality is moving on the face of the waters, and unsuspected forces are dimly struggling to light. It is vain, however, to pretend that India can be granted self-government on the Colonial lines. It would mean ruin to India and treason to our trust. The Empire cannot apply the same policy to the Colonies and to India; but it can be animated by the same spirit and it can pursue the same end, which is continued and contented incorporation in the Imperial union; albeit here again the limits of disruption would be very different. Were the Colonies to break away, they would survive and ultimately flourish, but the Empire would be weakened. Were India to be lost,

she herself would reel back into chaos, and the British Empire, at any rate in Asia, would perish.

I said that the policy of Imperialism is confronted with many problems which it must attempt to solve. They will keep it fully occupied for generations to come. The Mechanical Problem, *i.e.* the problem of conquering distance, is being rendered less formidable every day by the astonishing developments in electricity and steam; although in one case, that of India, the shrinkage that results cuts both ways, bringing the two countries physically nearer—a condition which facilitates communication, and therefore knowledge, between the two—but estranging the heart of the Englishman in India from his work, a consequence which is in every way to be deplored. The Racial Problem must always remain an anxious one, since when excited it is capable of transcending all others in explosive energy and importance. America can cope with the negroes because they are a relatively small community. But where the numbers are vast and overwhelming, as with the population of India, or with the black races of Africa, the difficulties may become acute. The Political or Administrative Problem will also have to be faced. It is impossible for the Empire to continue permanently to be governed by the existing organization. The party in the temporary numerical ascendancy in the British Isles may furnish a Cabinet,

but that body cannot for ever exercise uncontrolled power over the destinies of the entire Empire. Some form of Imperial Council, advisory if no more, must sooner or later emerge. The Defence Problem, *i.e.* the question how the Empire is to divide the burden of military and naval defence between its members, and the Tariff Problem, or the question whether the Empire can be made more self-contained and self-sufficing in respect of its trade—are still only in the preliminary stages of evolution. At least a quarter of a century will elapse before they are solved, if then. Of one thing I am certain, *viz.*, that in proper hands the Crown will become, if not more powerful, at any rate more indispensable and more important. I look forward to the day when the Sovereign will visit his dominions in person, and hold his Court in Calcutta or Quebec. Eighteen hundred years ago the enlightened Roman Emperor Hadrian overran his vast dominions from Carlisle to Damascus, with results that left an enduring and beneficent mark on the Roman Empire. What he did then ought not to be more difficult now, and will become even easier in the future. Nor can I imagine any stronger cement of Empire than that its government and unity, as typified by the Sovereign, should from time to time be incarnated in the allied states or dominions. The capital of the Empire will probably never leave London. But there is no stationary necessity or obligation in the Crown.²

² This passage has been misinterpreted in some quarters as suggesting that the Crown ought to become a peripatetic institution. No such idea was in my mind. My belief and hope are that just as the present Sovereign visited the Empire when he was Prince of Wales, and just as the present Heir to the Throne has twice made similar journeys, so there will be nothing in the future to deter the Sovereign from repeating the experiment. Hitherto the view has prevailed that the Sovereign cannot be separated from his Ministers

for more than a few days, or at the most, a few weeks. But the shrinkage brought about by the electric telegraph and swift steamships is such that he could now visit Canada, India, or South Africa, in little more time than was till lately required for a cruise in the Mediterranean. In these circumstances a demand is certain to arise for an occasional visit from the Crown to important parts of the Empire. It could not be acceded to save by a monarch in the prime of life and strength, and even in such a case would perhaps not be a common

I have in these few sentences given a brief sketch of the tasks, the urgent and paramount tasks, with which the Imperialism of the near future is charged. That any other policy or any other political creed can successfully solve them there is no reason to believe. Insular Radicalism cannot solve them, because it repudiates the fundamental conception of Empire. Cosmopolitanism cannot solve them, because it rests upon the belief that no one national organization is greatly to be preferred to another, whereas it is the essence of Imperialism, as I have sketched it, to hold that political salvation for the units composing the Empire is more likely to be found within its framework than in any other combination. Socialism cannot solve them, because its attention is arbitrarily concentrated upon social and domestic issues, and because it is being taught to look askance at Empire. To Imperialism therefore alone can we look to satisfy the needs and to hold together the framework of the British Dominion.

But if Imperialism is to play this part, let us be sure that it is animated by the supreme idea, without which it is only as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, viz., the sense of sacrifice and the idea of duty. Empire can only be achieved with satisfaction, or maintained with advantage, provided it has a moral basis. To the people of the mother State it must be a discipline, an inspiration, and a faith. To the people of the circumference, it must be more than a flag or a name, it must give them what they cannot otherwise or elsewhere enjoy; not merely justice or order, or material prosperity, but the sense of partnership in a great idea, the consecrating

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occurrence. But I believe that the step could be and ultimately will be undertaken without any serious dislocation of the business of ad-

influence of a lofty purpose. I think it must be because in the heart of British endeavor there has burned this spark of heavenly flame that Providence has hitherto so richly blessed our undertakings. If it is extinguished or allowed to die our Empire will have no more life than a corpse from which the spirit has lately fled, and like a corpse will moulder.

As to the future, if I found any audience of my countrymen who were plunged in doubt as to what it might bring forth and who wondered whether the handwriting might not already be tracing its sentence on the wall of our Empire, as it has done upon those of Babylon, and Nineveh, and Rome, I would say to them: Have no such craven fears. From the sordid controversies and the sometimes depressing gloom of our insular existence look forth, and, if the summons comes to you, go forth, into the larger fields of Empire where duty still calls and an illimitable horizon opens. Preserve with faithful attachment the acquisitions of our forefathers, not tabulating them with vulgar pride, but accepting the legacy with reverence, and holding no sacrifice too great to maintain it. Be sure that in our national character, if we can keep it high and undefiled, still lies our national strength. Count it no shame to acknowledge our Imperial mission, but, on the contrary, the greatest disgrace to be untrue to it, and even if God no longer thunders from Sinai, and His oracles are sometimes reported dumb, cling humbly but fervently to the belief that so long as we are worthy we may still remain one of the instruments through whom He chooses to speak to mankind.

Curzon.

ministration; while its effect in enhancing the loyalty of the outlying constituents of the Empire would be immeasurable.

DOLLAR NOTES.

One of the products of the United States which, as a journalist, naturally attracted my attention during a recent visit, was their newspapers. We in England have diurnal sheets that rank under the generic name. Alike in appearance and contents, they are wide as the Atlantic asunder. I am afraid New York babes and sucklings, nurtured on the "Herald," weaned on "The World," would turn up their little noses in bored disgust at our staidier journals. Some years ago an exceedingly shrewd Londoner conceived the idea of grafting on the mother-tree of English journalism a slip of American growth, selling the result at halfpenny a specimen. It chanced that on the day the first number of the new paper was issued I travelled to town with the editor of one of the oldest, at the time the most prosperous, of metropolitan penny morning journals. He looked over the little sheet with the eye of an expert. "It will never pay," he said. "It can't be done on these lines at this price."

Well, to-day the halfpenny paper thus summarily dismissed trumpets uncontroverted assertion that its circulation is five times greater than that of any other London morning paper sold at a penny. It is no secret that its profits exceed the dreams of avarice realized by a London brewer in Dr. Johnson's time.

The difference in the point of view of the editor of a leading English paper and that of his American *confrère* is strongly marked. The Englishman lays himself out to provide his readers with substantial fare, something analogous to a round of beef or a saddle of mutton. The American purveying for his customers gives them for daily bread an equivalent to what on bills of fare written in French are called

entrées, the course immediately succeeded by piquant savories. Even in these days, when an enterprising outsider going down to the pool of the English journalistic Siloam has effectively troubled its waters, the leading British papers of the old school religiously report parliamentary proceedings, furnish lengthy law reports, and will sometimes give up a whole page to a tasty police-court case. These undertakings deal, more or less successfully, with matters of fact. If hard fate condemns a New York City editor—and city editor, by the way, means something quite different across the water from its accepted meaning with us—to deal with mere facts, he likes to see them served up with a garnish of fiction.

One day I happened to look in at the office of a great New York morning paper. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and I found the city editor in a state approaching coma. Though worn out he was triumphant. At noon news reached the office that a member of a millionaire family had become engaged to a young lady occupied during the day in dispensing ham and beef to a discriminating throng of customers in a non-fashionable quarter of New York. In his versified account of his foregathering of Werther and Charlotte, Thackeray asks and answers:

Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

That is all very well in poetry. Regarded from the point of view of a millionaire meditating matrimony, it is quite a different thing for the damsel to be found intent on cutting ham and beef designed as the basis of a ten-cent sandwich. For the city editor the situation was made more alluring

by the fact, much to the fore at the time, that a kinswoman of the millionaire was about to build up at the matrimonial altar the fortunes of an indigent English duke.

Rumor of the engagement over the counter of the ham-and-beef shop, as I have mentioned, found currency at noon. Four hours later the city editor, with pardonable pride, whose expression was checked by international courtesy, handed me a special issue of his paper containing at column's length a minute history of the case, illuminated by portraits of the bridegroom elect, the ham-and-beef girl, her father (in an apron with carving-knife in hand), and the hapless British duke who was soon to be connected with the family by marriage ties. The whole thing turned out to be a hoax. It was a perhaps not altogether vain imagining of an astute tradesman desirous of extending an already prosperous sandwich business. What of that? It made opportunity for successive special editions on a Tuesday. On Wednesday came the contradiction with fresh portraits, and for two following days the paper was filled with thrilling accounts of the adventures of "our special detective" on the track of the impostor who, frequenting the ham-and-beef shop, had, according to the revised version put forth from that hive of industry, impersonated the millionaire.

This is an episode in the birth and career of the ordinary daily issue of a New York paper. What shall be said for the Sunday paper on sale at break of day in all the great cities of the States? As Macaulay wrote when he took in hand Dr. Nares's "Burleigh and his Times," it filled me with astonishment similar to that which possessed the mind of Captain Lemuel Gulliver when first he landed in Brobdingnag and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as

large as buckets, wrens of the bulk of turkeys. Macaulay, by way of conveying impression of the ponderosity of the three volumes, weighed and measured them, and found they contained two thousand closely-printed pages, occupied fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and weighed sixty pounds avoirdupois. Taking a hint from the petulant reviewer, I weighed and measured the ninety-six huge pages of my Sunday paper. It held down one scale with a pound and a quarter avoirdupois weight in the other. Spread out, its sheets would make a track down Fleet Street forty-eight yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide. Full of interesting matter, every page a picture-gallery, how welcome it would have been in the household of Noah during the dull days and long evenings of their cruise in the Ark!

Wandering about the streets of New York and Boston, I was struck by the purposeful pushfulness of the teeming throng. While still a small boy, Benjamin Franklin, resenting waste of time involved in the paternal pious habit of invoking divine blessing every morning over the breakfast delicacies, startled his father by suggesting that it would save time to "say grace once for all over the whole barrel of red herrings." This business-like proposal, casually passed over the breakfast-table, strikes a leading note in the character of Benjamin Franklin's countrymen to-day. Whatever he is doing, whithersoever he is going, he, to quote the vernacular, wants to get there right away, by the shortest route, with the least possible expenditure of time. A natural consequence of this determination to reach a particular goal whosoever may be in the way is a certain brusqueness of speech and manner. In social intercourse the bearing of an American towards

guests, especially those from across the sea, is even warmer in its kindness, more unwearying in its consideration, than is customary in England. But in the streets, at railway stations, and in the domestic service of hotels there is an off-hand manner that startles the timid Britisher.

I heard a story, not absolutely apocryphal, of an Englishman who had landed in New York on a Saturday bursting into the room of an hotel companion on Sunday morning with inquiry whether there was a homeward bound steamer sailing next day. Battered, brow-beaten, bewildered, he had in eight hours seen enough of New York. What had happened was that, being an amiable creature of gossiping tendency, accustomed to the leisurely consideration of friends and neighbors in a country town, he had gone about the streets asking busy people all kinds of irrelevant questions. By comparison with the New Yorker on business bent stopped by a stranger with fumbling inquiry the Wedding Guest buttonholed by the Ancient Mariner was a tractable person. What with policemen struggling with traffic in Broadway; what with stopping the wrong surface car, confidently getting in, and on discovering that it was going down town, he wanting to go up, insisting upon getting out; what with blocking the stairway of the elevated railroad, and when he was half-way up insisting upon turning back and stemming the turbulent tide of home-seekers, the idea having struck him that this wasn't the line he sought—the hapless man concluded he had seen enough of New York, and yearned for the peace and comfort of home.

At the time of my visit New York was on the eve of one of the most momentous struggles in its modern history. Two years earlier the outraged

citizens, long prostrate under the heel of Tammany, rose in righteous wrath and dislodged the tyrant. A new class of men of a character unknown in office as far as memory of the present generation ran, were substituted. They devoted themselves with conspicuous success to the task of clearing out the Augean stable of corruption. It was fondly thought that, after this utter rout, and the forced retirement of some of Tammany's favorite sons into the seclusion of the State prison, nothing more would be heard of that singular organization. But Tammany had its roots deeply set in a stratum of human cupidity. In the palmy days of Boss Tweed every man who wanted money and was indisposed to earn it by honest labor looked to Tammany to supply it. The fundamental principle of the brotherhood enriched the American language with a new word. It is spelled "graft." No one can trace its derivation or its authorship. Its meaning is, however, incontestably clear. It describes money, more or less secretly, always feloniously, transferred from public revenues to private pouches.

Old retainers having suffered the bitter experience of two years' deprivation of a regularized supply of "graft," Tammany was, with their assistance, making a desperate effort to recapture the citadel of local government. At the approach of the election of mayor and other civil officers controlling revenues amounting to thirteen million sterling a year, the discharge of their duties affecting the health, comfort, and prosperity of three and a half millions of people, Tammany,

Like a tall bully
Lifted its head and

clutched at power. The fight was essentially a matter of dollars. To bring back the good old times when Boss Tweed, and later, Mr. Croker,

unloosed the purse-strings, was a consummation worth staking money on. Tammany's coffers were, accordingly, overflowing.

There is nothing sentimental about Tammany's dealing with current problems. It is essentially a business corporation. Every man who hoped to share the spoil was required to subscribe to the war-chest in proportion to his expectations. It was reported that a certain body of contractors who found the strict supervision of the retiring civic government embarrassing, planked down £10,000 to turn them out. This was supplemented by a similar sum levied upon another contractor, who thought it a reasonable price to pay for the return to power of more generous patrons. A polluted cave of Adullam, every one that was in financial distress, every one that was in debt, every one that was discontented, and all who objected to the inquisitiveness of civic law as administered by the outgoing council, rallied round Tammany. With cash if they had it, with personal service if they were penniless, they fought for their ancient benefactor.

On the other side were ranged the decent citizens who formed themselves into ward associations, and labored day and night to deliver the city from the threatened curse. Women figured largely under this flag, subscribing to the campaign fund and canvassing for the anti-Tammany candidates. Nominally Tammany is, in politics, counted for the Democrats. It was founded with the mission of directing the affairs of the Democratic party, as, once upon a time, the Birmingham Caucus proposed to rule the Liberal host. The gravity of the situation was testified to by the fact that the better class of Democrats, sinking political differences, made common cause with the Republicans in the effort to prevent the resurrection of Tammany.

Pending the election, New York was in a condition of seething excitement. Multitudinous meetings were held every night, not only in public buildings, but in the open thoroughfares. I drove on a motor-car over an area of the city covering its most populous tracks. The crowded streets buzzed with excitement. Americans enter upon an electoral contest with even exaggeration of that thoroughness and attention to details that mark their ordinary business transactions. One device, unknown in English municipal or parliamentary contests, is the display of huge white sheets spread on the footpath. On these, through the agency of gigantic magic-lanterns, reflections on the personal character of opposing candidates are literally cast. Another expedient, much in favor with Tammany, is the equipment of green-grocers' carts and the like as peripatetic platforms. These are crowded with men, including a fair sprinkling of boys, who hold forth at street corners.

The cosmopolitan character of the constituency was illustrated by the fact that in one street I heard a man shouting in German, while a little further on a bleary-eyed boy addressed his fellow-countrymen in what, I was told, was the Yiddish tongue. On neither side did the candidates spare themselves. Motor-cars filled an important part in the armament of the campaign. Rival candidates flashed by each other, going east or west to keep appointments at distant public halls. If *en route* they happened upon a moderate-sized crowd, they pulled up and improved the occasion. On the whole, though language was not restrained, the proceedings were orderly.

The pulpit joined the platform in the fray. On the Sunday preceding the poll the election was the topic in many churches. Looking in at Madison Square Presbyterian Church,

drawn by the fame of a popular preacher, I was privileged to make a note of the following breezy passage delivered from the pulpit by the esteemed pastor: "Considered as an institution, Tammany, capitalizing itself by thrift, fortifying itself by perjury, wallowing in uncleanness, maintaining a propaganda of lust, growing fat on the debauched innocence of women, is the devil's own, morally fragrant with the mephitic odors of his sulphurous kingdom." In due time the congregation, who were evidently not in the pay of Tammany, dispersed, with the pleased consciousness that they had assisted at an uplifting discourse.

Analogous things were said with circumstance about individuals in the hostile camp, till the stranger wondered whether the law of libel is operative in the United States. At a public meeting the Mayor of New York, round whose chair the battle raged, talking about the distribution of patronage by Tammany, stated that a man appointed at a fat salary as inspector of sewers was blind. Tammany's response was apt and cynical. The nominee, it was pointed out, could use his nose, which, in the particular business committed to his charge, would be quite as useful as eyes.

To one familiar with election riots in England, not to mention Ireland, it seems inevitable that angry passions running thus high must lead to outbreaks of public disorder. Nothing serious in that way happened. I suppose those directly concerned have grown accustomed to this kind of verbal assault, content to repay in kind. During the closing days of the contest I happened to be the guest of one of America's most famous public speakers, a man who played on the passion or the humor of a crowded audience with the deftness and certainty of a great musician seated in the

organ loft. On the breakfast-table, among piles of morning papers, were those of the side opposite to that championed by my host. Looking through them I found him accused of almost every crime short of murder, and, at least on one occasion, that was hinted at. My impulse was to secrete the journals lest he should suffer pain. He glanced over them with a smile in which there was more of amusement than contempt.

To describe in detail how a public man has, through devious courses, dipped his hand into the civic purse, is in New York during the week of contest for civic supremacy merely a *façon de parler*. To call a fellow-citizen a perjurer and a thief is but a form of American humor. No one seemed a penny the worse, nor did the person attacked take any pains to correct possible misapprehension. He was content with the retort, "You're another," pleased if he could sharpen its blunted edge by advancing an even graver counter-charge.

After all, Tammany won, sweeping the polls with a majority of 70,000 votes. This crushing victory was all the more striking since, with one insignificant exception, the whole press of New York were united against the gang. Morning after morning millions of readers had held up before them the iniquity of Tammany, its shameful history through half a century, and the duty of every decent citizen to sit on its tombstone and prevent its resurrection.

The name of Tammany is familiar throughout Great Britain. But for most of us, its birth, like that of Jeames, is "wropt in mystery." By diligent inquiry I discovered that when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the other side they found in possession of the Delaware Indians some desirable land. William Penn bought it from a chief whom the tribe revered by the

name of Tammany, which being translated means "The Affable." More than a century ago a political organization founded in New York made the Delaware's name its own. To this day Tammany observes some of the aboriginal ritual and boasts a governing council of Sachems. Their proceedings are secret, but their influence, subtly spread, has at successive epochs been autocratic. It operates through a highly organized system of local clubs and district associations. By these means, under Tweed's direction, it obtained possession of every important office, every avenue of public employment, in the city of New York.

As one long accustomed to procedure in the House of Commons, what struck me chiefly as a spectator of the opening of a Session of Congress at Washington was its note of simple, severe business intention. The inauguration of a Session in the House of Commons, more especially when its first action is the election of a Speaker, is marked by a ceremony whose formulæ go back to Stuart times. If the candidate for the Chair be not opposed, and he rarely is, his election is moved from the Ministerial side by a private member of high personal standing, the resolution being seconded by a member of the Opposition of equal repute. Stately speeches are made, extolling the virtues and capacity of the candidate. The election carried, whether by unanimous vote or after a division, the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition make further heightened speeches, the latter, though defeated, rivalling the spokesman of the Ministerialists in his courtesy and submission to the new Speaker.

As between Congress and the House of Commons during the process of electing a Speaker, there is one thing in common. During the temporary non-

existence of a presiding official the Clerk of the House directs preliminary affairs. But, while the Clerk of Commons is not permitted to open his mouth, dumbly indicating by outstretched hand the members designated to move and second the resolution nominating the Speaker, the Clerk in Congress is even voluble in his remarks.

The names of two candidates being submitted, a division followed, the procedure at Washington differing wholly from that at Westminster. The Clerk read out the names of members inscribed on the roll of Congress, and each responded with a cry of the name of the man he delighted to honor. Another clerk seated at the table ticked off the vote. The separate columns added up gave a majority of thirty-two in a house of 364 members. In the House of Commons this would be reckoned a moderately small muster. But the division occupied twenty minutes, a point of time that compares unfavorably with practice at Westminster, especially since Mr. Lulu Harcourt's reform came into operation.

Thus elected, the Speaker was brought in, escorted by the oldest member of Congress, on whose arm he leaned. He took his seat in the uncanopied Chair with as little ceremony as if the action were preliminary to having luncheon spread on the table before him. Not for him the butterfly state of the Speaker of the House of Commons, arrayed in black silk gown and full-bottomed wig, silken stockings shining over shapely calves below knee-breeches, with silver buckles set on Oxford shoes. The suit the Speaker donned when yesterday he went about his business as a private citizen he wore in the Chair when presiding over business in Congress, and, subject to careful brushing, will wear it every day he is called upon to perform his lofty duties.

To one who has lived in the House

of Commons more than thirty years, has known and revered three of our greatest Speakers, there was something furtively pleasing in hearing the Speaker of the fifty-eighth Congress of the United States invariably alluded to in conversation as "Uncle Joe." The well-conditioned mind shrinks from the thought of allusion to Mr. Speaker Peel during his term of office as "Uncle Fred," to Mr. Gully as "Uncle Bill," or to the present occupant of the Chair as "Uncle Jim." In Washington, alike in conversation and newspaper gossip, Mr. Cannon, member for Illinois, was ever "Uncle Joe," and no change in the friendly custom was made because he had grown to the dignity of the Speakership.

Having been sworn in, Uncle Joe took to the Chair as a duck takes to water. At the outset he had a little difficulty with his spectacles. An old parliamentary hand, accustomed to display the fluency of speech which comes to Americans by nature, the occasion was one on which he felt it more proper to commit the expression of his thoughts to paper. As a preliminary to reading, he fixed on his nose a pair of glasses that had long seen service while he was still a private member. But they would not work. After a moment's struggle, watched with keen interest by the crowded House, he dived into the recesses of his breast-pocket and fished forth another pair. These apparently bore the Speaker's mark. Anyhow, they served. In a voice a trifle tremulous, he read a dignified speech, as warmly applauded on the Democratic benches as it was by the Republican majority. Having finished his reading, the Speaker in quite another tone, reminiscent of the New York surface car man's "Step lively!" said: "I am ready to take the oath of office."

Here, again, broad difference was marked between procedure in the two

legislative chambers. The swearing-in of a new House of Commons occupies nearly a week of the Session. Rows of tables are set out on the floor; three or four members grasp a copy of the Bible; others struggle for place at the table; the Clerk reads the prescribed oath; members kiss the Book; and thus groups of ten or fifteen are worked off with more or less despatch. In Congress swearing in is a simpler and, I am bound to say, a more decently accomplished performance. As in the Commons, the Speaker is first sworn in. Uncle Joe, rising from his chair, uplifted his right hand while the oldest member, standing well out on the carpeted space before him, recited the terms of the oath. There was no repetition of the words, no kissing of a book. The uplifted hand signified acquiescence. The Speaker sworn in, the roll of Congress was again called over. As many as could gather in the space before the Chair mustered there, stood with hands uplifted while the oath was read, and disappeared to make room for another batch. It was all over in half an hour, and the business of the Session already in progress.

The voting in the case of the election of the Speaker is known as vote by roll. There is another process, being vote by counting heads. To a stranger the former was wearisome; the latter was slovenly, inviting error. There is no walking through division lobbies with elaborate preparation for ticking off the names of members as they pass through a wicket. In Congress the Speaker does the counting. To see Uncle Joe standing by his chair determinedly clutching by the head the hammer with which he calls for order, while he points the handle individually at some three hundred and fifty fathers of families, is fatally suggestive of the sufferer from insomnia who from his sleepless pillow tries to count how many supposititious sheep are passing

through an imaginary field gate. Obviously, on a close division upon a possibly critical issue, such a method of counting votes is dangerously lax.

Looking down from the Diplomatic Gallery on the crowded benches, and comparing the bustling scene with the more familiar one at Westminster, I noticed a marked difference in the general aspect. The average age of Congressmen is considerably less than that of members of the House of Commons, lowered though it was by the influx of new members consequent on the General Election of 1905. With us parliamentary life is, in the main, the goal of long labor in the commercial and professional mart. We have a sprink-

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ling of dukes' sons and the like who enter the House because their fathers were there before them, and it is still the proper thing to do. But the majority is composed of men who have spent their best years in other fields of labor. Having made their mark and their fortune, they feel they can afford to add to their affluence the stamp of M.P., which, socially and otherwise, is of substantial value. Congressmen mustered at Washington gave a foreign observer the impression that they were fully engaged in business outside the Capitol, and had "taken on" Congress as a sort of relaxation from the daily round of private affairs.

Henry W. Lucy.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XXIII.

COLIN COMES BACK TO BORONACH.

Meantime a new movement was strengthening daily in the North. When Barabel returned to Boronach she heard whispers of it continually. Old wrongs and present hardships were being remembered and resented. "The land! the land!" was all the cry. "We want security on the land. We have never asked, we have never complained—we have been like sheep: that is why we get nothing." For some time rumors had been current of a change in the ownership of Boronach. The estate was not paying, it was said, and Sir David was anxious to get rid of it. These rumors were now confirmed on every hand, and this helped to add to the sense of change and unrest. The Western League had been formed, and "Land Agitators" had begun to go among the people, and were finding plenty powder for their matches. Little Cathal was

one of them. He had always been smart and intelligent, and now he was in the pay of the League, and was back from Glasgow looking "like a gentleman," and preaching reform in the accents of lawlessness. The people were holding small meetings among themselves, and voicing their wrongs in passionate Gaelic. A few public political gatherings had been held, but to these the greater number of the Boronach men were afraid to come, lest Mr. Campbell should get wind of their taking to do with "The Agitation."

At one meeting held on a dark night in an old schoolhouse, hardly a score of men were present, yet the windows, wide open, were thronged on the outside by three times that number. "It's very easy for Little Cathal to put the name of cowards on us," said one man fiercely. "He's in Glasgow himself now, and independent; but why had he to leave Boronach? why is James Fraser in the house he and his father

built? Just because he took up this work first, and did what he is asking us to do."

Old white-headed Sergeant M'Alastar, with his tall spare figure, his bright blue eyes, and his old-fashioned blue coat with brass buttons, the left sleeve pinned across the breast, was another who went among the people at this time. Barabel, going into the merchant's shop one morning, found him preaching his views to cautious Sandy, and made a complete study of the soft goods on the counter as she listened to them.

"Is it not all the same to me," said the lukewarm Mr. Morrison, "which party has the power? Tory or Radical, it will make no great difference to myself, and for my part I think the two are equally mischievous."

A slumberous light glowed in the Sergeant's eyes. "Man!" he said, "I wonder at you! Do you know the house that meets you on the braeside as you cross the march to the Ardgowan estate, going into Port Erran?"

"I do," replied the merchant.

"That was the house in which I was born," said the soldier. "All that braeside down to the glen was my father's croft, and one day fifty-two years ago, when the old lord was raising the Ardgowan Regiment, he came himself to the door and stood inside the kitchen, as old a man then as I am now, and he asked me to enlist for the war. I told him I would be willing enough if it wasn't that my old parents were dependent on me, and I did not know what might happen them when I should be gone. 'M'Alastar,' said he, 'you join the regiment, and I give you my word they will never be interfered with on the land, but will be here in comfort till you return.' Well, I turned the thing in my mind, and I said I would join; and I did join, and I went through the war till a ball took the arm from me,

and when I came home the old lord's promise was with the winds, and my old parents were turned out of the house and the land, and a stranger met me at the door. And that is what made me a Radical, Sandy Morrison." The Sergeant straightened himself stiffly, his eyes like points of blue light. "And now," he said, "I go about among the people, and I try to make Radicals of every one I meet."

"What about the coronation oath?" asked the merchant, after a pause. "If the Radicals come to power they'll do away with that, and the Roman Catholics will get the upper hand of us once more."

The old soldier looked at him as if he was sorry for him. "Man!" he cried, "I wonder at you, with the sense you have. Do you not think that Providence can look after the coronation oath without you? No, no! Look you to the land, Mr. Morrison, and never fear for the coronation oath."

The Sergeant, with the empty sleeve to his blue coat and his kindling eyes, was a popular figure at meetings of the Western League. He was not so violent as Little Cathal, or even so intemperate in language as Mr. Macpherson, from what was vaguely known at "Headquarters." He never railed, as they did, at "the powers that be." He was a gentleman every inch of him, and it was pleasant to hear him tell how he had fought for King George, and since he could do no more for her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, would drink her health with the best. "Justice on the land," was his cry,— "that the people might have the rights their forefathers had won by blood and toll and faithful service to the chief; that rents might be fair; that a man might get back the money he put out on the land if he had to leave it, that people might be secure, and as long as they paid

what was due might not be cast out by the will or caprice of any one."

Boronach was all in a ferment with these ideas when Collin Stewart came back to it. It was towards the end of summer, a very pleasant clear day, and he came on the coach, and was set down with his portmanteau at the inn-door, getting many a hearty welcome before he entered it. Although he had neither house nor relative in the place, he felt that he had come back to his own, and could hardly believe he had stayed seven years out of Boronach. He had provided himself now with an excuse for returning to it, having been engaged to edit the papers of an Edinburgh gentleman lately deceased, and requiring quiet and leisure for the work, which was profitable if a little dreary.

He ordered a meal and engaged rooms, and talked to the old innkeeper who could not get over the change in his appearance, and all the time was impatient to be away to William's. He was sure of a welcome from the old man and from Eppie, but was not a little in doubt of the reception Barabel would give him. Since his meeting with her some faint hope had stirred in him, and yet each day he read a new meaning into the looks and words she had given him. Now he was come to make an end of uncertainty once and for all. It seemed like a dream to be in the place again, and a sense of the unreality of it came upon him—there was so little change. Seven years had altered himself, and not Boronach: the familiar faces that welcomed him were a little older,—that was all.

Iamar was deserted. A few brown-sailed fishing-boats were tacking in from the islands, the promontories stretching seawards were ruddy, there was a faint smell of rowan blossom in the air. At the bend of the road he came on William's house, and saw

a change there. It had been enlarged a little, and slated. There was a porch, too, covered with small crimson roses. The whole place, humble though it was, had a trim, prosperous appearance. He stood inside the porch and knocked at the inner door that stood half-open. In old days he would have walked in after that, but now he did not like to do so, and stood listening to faint subdued sounds from the kitchen, till Barabel's step came along the passage.

"Is it you?" she said in a low voice. Her face was white and her cheeks wet with tears. "William is dead, Collin." She held out her hand, her lips trembling. "He died half an hour ago, as he was sitting in his chair by the fire."

Collin was shocked, subdued, saddened in a moment. "Dead!" he repeated in the same voice, and stood looking at her in grief and consternation. He had loved the old man: who that knew him had not loved him? When the news was spread that night, there were rough bearded men in Boronach who cried like children. Barabel led the way in, and Collin followed in silence. The presence of the Angel of Death changes everything. Youth and love and laughter shrink back before him. For the moment the door into Eternity is standing ajar.

In the sorrow and confusion of the hour Collin Stewart stepped back at once into the intimacy of seven years ago. He thought of everything that must be done. Barabel turned to him as naturally as if they had been children again. That night he was one of the watchers, who, according to the old custom, sat by William's bed. The room was draped in white. The old face, whiter than the pillow, was beautiful in its repose. The men sitting round were subdued and quiet,—they spoke in whispers. Collin would have given a great deal to have been a day

sooner in coming back to Boronach. It was now the city with its stir and noise that seemed for the time unreal.

He went for Auntie Glen next day, and brought her down to Eppie. She stayed on after the funeral, and was the greatest possible comfort in the house. The poor old widow seemed bewildered and helpless. She had been used to looking after William so constantly, that it seemed as if now she could find nothing to do. She was pathetically good and resigned. "I was always wishful he would be taken first," she said many times over. "It is the Lord's goodness. He would not do very easy without me, so frail as he was, but I will do very well some way so long as it is the Lord's will to leave me."

It was little wonder that Barabel and Colin, so close to the dread reality of sorrow and death, gave a truce to pride and jealousy, and were gentle and sincere with each other. It seemed no time for love-making, and almost it seemed that there was no need for it. As weeks passed and Colin went through his day's work with the light of the fireside in the snowy, dainty old kitchen at the end of it, he could have sworn there was neither look nor word needed to strengthen the fine high bond between them. Where understanding is perfect, when was love denied? He laughed to think of Mr. Richard Wynne. Yet he could not put the thing to the test: he could not but remember how confident he had been seven years ago. He might deceive himself: this time he would not cast the die too soon. One evening, indeed, as he said good-night at the door and chanced to add a word of his work in the city, she laughed a little. "You are so busy there," she said. "I had been trying to forget you," he answered quickly, and was off with that.

He came to know the new temper

of Boronach very well, and was convinced of the crying need for all that the old Sergeant desired for his countrymen. Strangely enough, he found Mr. Rory intensely opposed to the agitation: the very name of Radical roused him. "I do not deny there is hardship," he said to Colin. "I do not deny there is abuse of authority. But these men will redress our grievances at the cost of the character of our people. They break down respect for law and order, reverence for old ideals. The people have become already more worldly; they are less eager to hear the Word of God; they care for nothing but the land—the land. I tell you, sir, you are encouraging a spirit among them that will not be laid till it has struck at the roots of all faith—of all authority."

The younger man urged him to identify himself to some extent with the movement in Boronach in order that he might guide it. Had not other wise and good ministers done so in other places? But Mr. Rory would not listen to such an idea. Colin was sorry to feel that a certain chill had come over his relations to Mr. Rory on account of the difference of their views on the land question. Our hero went to a League meeting and heard the gentleman from headquarters speak, and after him Sergeant M'Alastar and Little Cathal. When the last had done, the impulse of the moment brought him to his feet himself, and for half an hour the mildewed walls of the old schoolhouse echoed to such speaking as had never before been heard in it. At first the people listened in amazement: then as they heard their case put with an irresistible clearness and simplicity, they began to stamp a vigorous approval: after a while they sat in breathless silence, forgetting even the personality of the speaker. Colin appealed to the best in them. For the time he stilled

the spirit Little Cathal's wild fiery words had raised, and swayed them with his own. The men thronging the open window at the outside became, while he spoke, courageous and resolute; Little Cathal himself grew temperate and calm. Touched by a finer passion, he saw himself serving a righteous cause righteously, a just cause patiently, an irresistible cause lawfully.

When Collin sat down, the listeners drew a long breath like a sigh, then a storm of applause arose. It passed outside, and the night being very quiet, the people could be heard thudding upon the grass with their feet. Then the wave returned inside again, and rose as high as before. For the second time Collin Stewart had become the hero of the hour in Boronach. The people went to their homes enthusiastic. Collin Stewart was the man for them: not one of those from "Head-quarters" could hold a candle to him. If Collin were in Parliament they would get justice "in the minute."

Old women hearing the talk during the next few days, shook their heads over it. "What is to be will be, Parliament or no Parliament," said they. "Though they are blind to it ever now, Allan's son is a man under a judgment. 'The son and the son's son,'—there is no changing that. Mr. Alexander himself could speak fair when he had the mind."

Collin's stay in Boronach came to an end abruptly only a day or two after the meeting. It was poor old Eppie who, in all innocence, laid a bomb-shell in his path. She was talking to him one evening that he found her sitting alone by the fire. "Angus Bard is coming home very soon," she said. "He expects to come about the New Year, and I should be very thankful that Barabel has some one to look to." She sighed a little. "He is very rich," she went on. "He did not wish us to

speak about it, and though you are like one of ourselves, Collin, I will not mention what more was in the letter he sent. It seems he is to make a great lady of our Barabel."

At this a sudden heaviness fell on Collin's spirit. He excused himself before long, and went away and walked about in the summer night till it was late, debating a point of honor. If Barabel was an heiress, could he, whose successes had been so small hitherto—could he, who was still a poor man with nothing to offer, ask her to marry him? He had often blamed the selfish madness with which he had spoken seven years ago, when he was a rough boy without prospects, and it seemed to him that the case was not so different now. It would have been different if she had been comparatively poor, as he thought her; but now, when he had just been told she was rich, he saw that he could not in honor ask her. "Please God," he said to himself, "it only means waiting a little. I have my foot on the first step of the ladder. If I have not deceived myself, she will wait too." It did not occur to him that if he had not deceived himself, she too would suffer by his silence. Perhaps he was not sufficiently sure of her—perhaps he had never quite recovered the self-conceit Mr. Corbett had been at such pains to "drill out" of a whole generation of Boronach scholars. Perhaps if he had thought, it would have made little difference. The man who will sacrifice himself to a point of honor may any day sacrifice another. In the last resort, the man of honor—of faith—will save the ideal at any price. What would you? So sang Lovelace when he departed for the wars. If this were the faith and practice of all mankind we should have sorrow enough indeed, but neither misery nor dishonor.

When Collin next day announced his

intended departure, Barabel saw at a glance that something had happened. What it was she could not guess, for Eppie had not mentioned the conversation of the day before, not thinking it

important in any way. If Collin's farewells were a trifle constrained, hers had a delicate pride and grace of their own.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRE.

If I were "seeing over" a house, and found in every room an iron cage let into the wall, and were told by the caretaker that these cages were for me to keep lions in, I think I should open my eyes rather wide. Yet nothing seems to me more natural than a fire in the grate.

Doubtless, when I began to walk, one of my first excursions was to the fender, that I might gaze more nearly at the live thing roaring and raging behind it; and I dare say I dimly wondered by what blessed dispensation this creature was allowed in a domain so placid as my nursery. I do not think I ever needed to be warned against scaling the fender. I knew by instinct that the creature within it was dangerous—fiercer still than the cat which had once strayed into the room and scratched me for my advances. As I grew older, I ceased to wonder at the creature's presence and learned to call it "the fire," quite lightly. There are so many queer things in the world that we have no time to go on wondering at the queerness of the things we see habitually. It is not that these things are in themselves less queer than they at first seemed to us. It is that our vision of them has been dimmed. We are lucky when by some chance we see again, for a fleeting moment, this thing or that as we saw it when it first came within our ken. We are in the habit of saying that "first impressions are best," and that we must approach every question "with

an open mind"; but we shirk the logical conclusion that we were wiser in our infancy than we are now. "Make yourself even as a little child" we often say, but recommending the process on moral rather than on intellectual grounds, and inwardly preening ourselves all the while on having "put away childish things," as though clarity of vision were not one of them.

I look around the room I am writing in—a pleasant room, and my own, yet how irresponsible, how smug and lifeless! The pattern of the wall-paper blamelessly repeats itself from wainscot to cornice; and the pictures are immobile and changeless within their glazed frames—faint, flat mimicries of life. The chairs and tables are just as their carpenters fashioned them, and stand with stiff obedience just where they have been posted. On one side of the room, encased in coverings of cloth and leather, are myriads of words, which to some people, but not to me, are a fair substitute for human company. All around me, in fact, are the products of genteel civilization. But in the whole room there are but three things living: myself, my dog, and the fire in the grate. And of these lives the third is very much the most intensely vivid. My dog is descended, doubtless, from pre-historic wolves; but you could hardly decipher its pedigree on its mild, domesticated face. My dog is as tame as its master (in whose veins flows the blood of the old cavemen). But time has not

tamed fire. Fire is as wild a thing as when Prometheus snatched it from the empyrean. Fire in my grate is as fierce and terrible a thing as when it was lit by my ancestors, night after night, at the mouths of their caves, to scare away the ancestors of my dog. And my dog regards it with the old wonder and misgiving. Even in his sleep he opens ever and again one eye to see that we are in no danger. And the fire glowers and roars through its bars at him with the scorn that a wild beast must needs have for a tame one. "You are free," it rages, "and yet you do not spring at that man's throat and tear him limb from limb and make a meal of him!" And, gazing at me, it licks its red lips; and I, laughing good-humoredly, rise and give the monster a shovelful of its proper food, which it leaps at and noisily devours.

Fire! It is the only one of the elements that inspires awe. We breathe air, tread earth, bathe in water. Fire alone we approach with deference. And it is the only one of the elements that is always alert, always good to watch. We do not see the air that we breathe—except sometimes in London, and who shall say that the sight is pleasant? We do not see the earth revolving; and the trees and other vegetables that are put forth by it come up so slowly that there is no fun in watching them. One is apt to lose patience with the good earth, and to hanker after a sight of those multitudinous fires wherever it is, after all, but a thin and comparatively recent crust. Water, when we get it in the form of a river, is pleasant to watch for a minute or two, after which period the regularity of its movement becomes as tedious as stagnation. It is only a whole seaful of water that can rival fire in variety and in loveliness. But even the spectacle of sea at its very best—say in an Atlantic storm—is less thrilling than the spectacle of one building

ablaze. And for the rest, the sea has its *longueurs*, its hours of dulness and monotony, even when it is not wholly calm. Whereas in the grate even a quite little fire never ceases to be amusing and inspiring until you let it out. As much fire as would be tantamount to a handful of earth or a tumblerful of water is yet a joy to the eyes, and a lively suggestion of grandeur. The other elements, even as presented in huge samples, impress us as less august than fire. Fire alone, according to the legend, was brought down from heaven: the rest were here from the dim outset. When we call a thing earthy we impute cloddishness; by "watery" we imply insipidness; "airy" means trivial; "fiery" has always a noble significance, denoting such things as faith, courage, genius. Earth lies heavy, and air is void, and water flows down; but flames aspire, flying back towards the heaven they came from. They typify for us the spirit of man, as apart from aught that is gross in him. They are the symbol of purity, of triumph over corruption. Water, air, earth, can all harbor corruption; but where flames are, or have been, there is innocence. Our love of fire comes partly, doubtless, from our natural love of destruction for destruction's sake. Fire is savage, and so, even after all these centuries, are we, at heart. Our civilization is but as the aforesaid crust that encloses the old planetary flames. To destroy is still the strongest instinct of our nature. Nature is still "red in tooth and claw," though she has begun to make fine flourishes with tooth-brush and nail-scissors. Even the mild dog on my hearth-rug has been known to behave like a wolf to his own species. Scratch his master and you will find the cave-man. But the scratch must be a sharp one: I am thickly veneered. Outwardly, I am as gentle as you, gentle reader. And one reason for our

delight in fire is that there is no humbug about flames: they are frankly, primevally savage. But this is not, rest assured, the sole reason. We have a sense of good and evil. I do not say that it carries us very far. It is but the tooth-brush and nail-scissors that we flourish. Our innate instincts, not this acquired sense, are what the world really hinges on. But this acquired sense is an integral part of our minds. And we revere fire because we have come to regard it as especially the foe of evil—as a means for destroying weeds, not flowers; a destroyer of wicked cities, not of good ones.

The idea of hell, as inculcated in the books given to me when I was a child, never really frightened me at all. I conceived the possibility of a hell in which there were eternal flames to destroy every one who had not been good. But a hell whose flames were eternally impotent to destroy these people, a hell where evil was to go on writhing yet thriving for ever and ever, seemed to me, even at that age, too patiently absurd to be appalling. Nor indeed do I think that to the more credulous children in England can the idea of eternal burning have ever been quite so forbidding as their nurses meant it to be. Credulity is but a form of in-caution. I, as I have said, never had any wish to play with fire; but most English children are strongly attracted, and are much less afraid of fire than of the dark. Eternal darkness, with a biting east wind, were to the English fancy a far more fearful prospect than eternal flames. The notion of these flames arose in Italy, where heat is no luxury, and shadows are lurked in, and breezes prayed for. In England the sun, even at its strongest, is a weak vessel. True, we grumble whenever its radiance is a trifle less watery than usual. But that is precisely because we are a people whose nature the sun has not mellowed—a dour people, like

all northerners, ever ready to make the worst of things. Inwardly, we love the sun, and long for it to come nearer to us, and to come more often. And it is partly because this craving is unsatisfied that we cower so fondly over our open hearths. Our fires are makeshifts for sunshine. Autumn after autumn, "we watch the swallows gathering in the sky, and in the osier-isle we hear their noise," and our hearts sink. Happy, selfish little birds, gathering so lightly to fly whither we cannot follow you, will you not, this once, forego the lands of your desire? "Shall not the grief of the old time follow?" Do winter with us, this once! We will strew all England, every morning, with bread-crumbs for you, will you but stay, and help us to play at summer! But the delicate cruel rogues pay no heed to us, skimming sharper than ever in pursuit of gnats, as the hour draws near for their long flight over gnatless seas.

Only one swallow have I ever known to relent. It had built its nest under the eaves of a cottage that belonged to a friend of mine, a man who loved birds. He had a power of making birds trust him. They would come at his call, circling round him, perching on his shoulders, eating from his hand. Even the shy swallow would come too, from his nest under the eaves. As the summer wore on, he grew quite tame. And when summer waned, and the other swallows flew away, this one lingered, day after day, fluttering dubiously over the threshold of the cottage. Presently, as the air grew chilly, he built a new nest for himself, under the mantelpiece in my friend's study. And every morning, so soon as the fire burned brightly, he would flutter down to perch on the fender and bask in the light and warmth of the coals. But after a few weeks he began to ail; possibly because the study was a small one, and he could not get in it the ex-

ercise that he needed; more probably because of the draughts. My friend's wife, who was very clever with her needle, made for the swallow a little jacket of red flannel, and sought to divert his mind by teaching him to perform a few simple tricks. For a while he seemed to regain his spirits. But presently he moped more than ever, crouching nearer than ever to the fire, and, sidelong, blinking dim weak reproaches at his disappointed master and mistress. One swallow, as the adage truly says, does not make a summer. So this one's mistress hurriedly made for him a little over-coat of seal-skin, wearing which, in a muffled cage, he was personally conducted by his master straight through to Sicily. There he was nursed back to health, and liberated on a sunny plain. He never returned to his English home; but the nest he built under the mantel-piece is still preserved, in case he should come at last.

When the sun's rays slant down upon your grate, then the fire blanches and blanches, covers, crumbles, and collapses. It cannot compete with its archetype. It cannot suffice a sun-steeped swallow, or ripen a plum, or make pale the carpet. Yet, in its modest way, it is to your room what the sun is to the world. I do not wonder that the poor, when they have to choose between fuel and food, choose fuel. Food nourishes the body; but fuel, warming the body, warms the soul too. I do not wonder that the hearth has been regarded from time immemorial as the centre, and used as the symbol, of the home. I like the social tradition that we must not poke a fire in a friend's drawing-room unless our friendship dates back full seven years. It rests evidently, this tradition, on the sentiment that a fire is a thing sacred to the members of the household in which it burns. I dare say the fender has a meaning, as well as a use, and is

as the rail round an altar. In "The New Utopia" these hearths will all have been razed, of course, as demoralizing relics of an age when people went in for privacy and were not always thinking exclusively about the State. Such heat as may be needed to prevent us from catching colds (whereby our vitality would be lowered, and our usefulness to the State impaired) will be supplied through hot-water pipes (white-enameled), the supply being strictly regulated from the municipal water-works. Or has Mr. Wells arranged that the sun shall always be shining on us? I have mislaid my copy of the book. Anyhow, fires and hearths will have to go. Let us make the best of them while we may.

Personally, though I appreciate the radiance of a family fire, I give preference to a fire that burns for myself alone. And dearest of all to me is a fire that burns thus in the house of another. I find an inalienable magic in my bed-room fire when I am staying with friends; and it is at bed-time that the spell is strongest. "Good night," says my host, shaking my hand warmly on the threshold; "you've everything you want?" "Everything," I assure him; "good night." "Good night." "Good night," and I close my door, close my eyes, heave a long sigh, open my eyes, set down the candle, push the arm-chair close to the fire (*my* fire), sink down, and am at peace, with nothing to mar my happiness except the feeling that it is too good to be true.

At such moments I never see in my fire any likeness to a wild beast. It roars me as gently as any sucking dove, and is as kind and cordial as my host and hostess and the other people in the house. And yet I do not have to say anything to it, I do not have to make myself agreeable to it. It lavishes its warmth on me, asking nothing in return. For fifteen mortal hours or so, with few and brief inter-

vals, I have been making myself agreeable, saying the right thing, asking the apt question, exhibiting the proper shade of mild or acute surprise, smiling the requisite smile, or laughing just so long and just so loud as the occasion seemed to demand. If I were naturally a brilliant and copious talker, I suppose that to stay in another's house would be no strain on me. I should be able to impose myself on my host and hostess and their guests without any effort, and at the end of the day retire quite unfatigued, pleasantly flushed with the effect of my own magnetism. Alas! there is no question of my imposing myself. I can repay hospitality only by strict attention to the humble, arduous process of making myself agreeable. When I go up to dress for dinner, I have always a strong impulse to go to bed and sleep off my fatigue; and it is only by exerting all my will-power that I can array myself for the final labors: to wit, making myself agreeable to some man or woman for a minute or two before dinner, to two women during dinner, to men after dinner, then again to women in the drawing-room, and then once more to men in the smoking-room. It is a dog's life. But one has to have suffered before one gets the full savor out of joy. And I do not grumble at the price I have to pay for the sensation of basking, at length, in solitude and the glow of my own fireside.

The New Quarterly.

Too tired to undress, too tired to think, I am more than content to watch the rich and ever-changing pageant of the fire. The finest part of this pageant is surely when the flames slink and gradually the red-gold caverns are revealed, gorgeous, mysterious, with inmost recesses of white heat. It is often thus that my fire welcomes me when the long day's task is done. After I have gazed awhile into its depths, I close my eyes to rest them, opening them again, with a start, whenever a coal shifts its place, or some belated little tongue of flame spurts forth with a hiss. . . . Vaguely I liken myself to the watchman one sees by night in London, wherever a road is up, huddled half-awake in his tiny cabin of wood, with a cresset of live coal before him. . . . I have come down in the world, and am a night-watchman, and I find the life as pleasant as I had always thought it must be, except when I let the fire out, and awake shivering. . . . Shivering I awake, in the twilight of dawn. Ashes, white and gray, some rusty cinders, and a crag or so of coal, are all that is left over from last night's splendor. Gray is the lawn beneath my window, and little ghosts of rabbits are nibbling and hobbling there. But anon the west will be red, and, ere I wake, the sky will be blue, and the grass quite green again, and my fire will have arisen from its ashes, a cackling and comfortable phoenix.

Max Beerbohm.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Though he was born only a hundred, and died only fifteen, years ago, the figure of John Greenleaf Whittier already impresses one as the product of an extinct civilization. Between the America in which he flourished and the America of to-day lies a gulf even

wider than that between contemporary and early Victorian England.

Whittier's America was still poor and not yet in a hurry. It had no millionaires to endow its universities; no millionaires' daughters to cross the ocean and win the hearts of dukes and

viceroys. It had not yet evolved skyscrapers, Trusts, "freak" parties, yellow journalism, and many other features now commonly spoken of as characteristically American. It was only just beginning to evolve a literature. Above all, in the America of that period, New England counted.

New England counted through its culture, its "clubbability," and its idealism. The slaveholders of the South might indeed be clubbable. They were sportsmen, and they were given to hospitality. But they had the indifference to intellectual pursuits which is normal among country gentlemen all the world over; and, where religions, philosophies, and ideals were concerned, what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. The intelligence of New York was more alert, but had, for the most part, gone into trade. The West was uninhabited. Those great events which "take place in the intellect" had to happen in New England if they were to happen anywhere; and they did. New England, for a season, did the thinking for America much as, at a certain stage in the history of metaphysics, Germany did the thinking for Europe.

Not, of course, that the average man was a philosopher or an idealist even there. In New England, no doubt, as elsewhere, the average farmer thought principally about his farm, and the average shopkeeper thought principally about his shop. There were plenty of New Englanders who were content to judge a policy propounded on moral grounds solely with reference to its probable effect on trade; plenty of others who took a purely utilitarian tone towards culture. But they had traditions of culture, and also of moral earnestness, behind them, as the descendants of the Plymouth Fathers and other exiles for conscience' sake; the life in their small towns was one of comparative leisure; they had the

best schools and the best university in America in their midst. There, as anywhere else, these things may have meant little to the multitude, but they meant much—they meant everything—to the few.

Even the few, indeed, were not learned, judged by European standards. When they were appointed to professorships they generally had to go to Europe to learn the things that they had undertaken to teach. It could hardly be otherwise in so new a country. But it is quite possible—it is even probable—that, if they had been more learned, they would have been less interesting. They had learning enough for their purpose, but not enough to obscure their personalities or put them out of touch with the actualities of contemporary life. They formed an intellectual aristocracy; they were prophets in their own country. In a world mainly absorbed, as are all worlds, by material interests, they aspired to make life more beautiful, more humane. It is this aspiration far more than the details of his transcendentalism that makes Emerson such an admirable figure. There were so few of them too that it was possible for them all to know each other. They had a collective enthusiasm, like that of the French writers of the Romantic School who met at the *cénacle*, and more cohesion. It was not for literary reasons only that America had need of them; and the rest of America could put forward no effective rivals to them.

While the culture of New England counted for much, however, its idealism counted for more; and it was not necessarily, or always, from the leaders of culture that the idealists drew their inspiration. Puritanism was in the veins of the people; and, though New England Puritanism has a very ugly history, as Nathaniel Hawthorne, among other New Englanders, has shown. It has, on the whole, been

a source of strength. A Puritan may be oleaginous in his decadent prosperity and prone to persecution when his word is law. But he is "a fighter ever" who lends a ready ear to the appeal for "one fight more"; he can endure as well as fight; it is his tradition to fight and endure for an idea as willingly as for a material advantage. That is to say, he is splendid material for the agitator championing an unpopular cause to work upon. His conscience may sometimes need a good deal of awakening; but, when once it is awakened, it is a formidable force. Great moral movements are, as a rule, originated in Puritan communities. Not only its preachers, but even its newspaper editors, are apt to be in earnest; the audience which they address is sure to be potentially, if not at first actually, responsive.

The New England into which Whittier was born was a community of that kind—fundamentally serious, and including the best American culture of the period. His own position in it—the position which he conquered for himself—was that of a link, or intermediary, or ambassador between the Puritanism and the culture. He was not born to culture, but he acquired it—a sufficient modicum of it at all events—without losing any of the essentials of Puritanism in the process. He was not of the inner circle of either the Boston or the Concord group. His temperament would probably have excluded him, even if his circumstances had not. He thought Thoreau little better than a lunatic; and Emerson and Longfellow, much as he admired them, must have seemed to him lacking in backbone. On the other hand, he was infinitely more of a man of letters and an artist than the active agitators with whom he was principally associated, and so moved in a different world of thought from such men as Charles Sumner and William

Lloyd Garrison. Hence partly, no doubt, though there may be other reasons also, the loneliness, aloofness, and isolation which distinguish him from most American literary men of equal eminence.

One thinks of Whittier so exclusively as the poet who sang and fought for the abolition of slavery that one tends also to suppose that this must have been the career that circumstances marked out for him from the first. He was a poet and a Quaker; a poet and a Quaker, one argues, could adopt no other course in life. Yet, as a matter of fact, alternative courses were open to him, and might easily have been adopted. Whittier's Quakerism sat rather lightly on him in the days of his youth; he was known as "the gay young Quaker," and the Quakerism of such, given the right environment, is apt to prove a garment easily outgrown. Moreover, his early ambitions were more secular than religious. He did not want to be a farmer; he wanted to learn and to get on in life. He always wrote poetry, indeed, because he could not help it; but he saw that the path of advancement lay through the newspaper office. Anything might lead to journalism, and journalism might lead to anything. He intended it to lead him into politics; he took steps in that direction; he very nearly became a professional politician. But two obstacles intervened, and between them determined his career.

His first difficulty was his health; for Whittier, though he lived to a great age, was always a valetudinarian. Exactly what was the matter with him neither he nor his doctors seem ever to have known. It has been said that the defective cooking of New Englanders in general, and of his mother in particular, made him dyspeptic. It has been suggested that he may have received an injury to his head when a

child-nurse, left in charge of him in infancy, wrapped him in a blanket and rolled him down a flight of stairs "to see what would happen." The author of a series of studies entitled *Literary Clinics*, setting these hypotheses aside, insists that the headaches which pursued him through his life were due to defective eyesight, and might have been cured by the wearing of spectacles. The theory seems plausible; but a lay writer is not entitled to an opinion of his own in the matter. Whether Whittier was really ill or not, he was continually feeling ill, and, feeling ill, was debarred from any calling that would have required severe and sustained activity. All that he could do was to edit unimportant papers in a quiet way, doing his work as much as possible at home, and to contribute freely—and, as a rule, gratuitously—to "poets' corners."

Even so he began to find his way and to discover fair prospects ahead of him. His needs were not extravagant, and he could see his way to supply them; his poems were generally popular, though they were seldom paid for; success in his calling was only a question of time. But then, just as he was thus making material progress, there came the appeal to his idealism. Would he, or would he not, take his stand with William Lloyd Garrison and come out unequivocally as an abolitionist?

One must not say that he did not hesitate; the cases are rare in which hesitation may not properly precede decision. Hesitation, in Whittier's case, took the very proper form of an exhaustive study of all the literature bearing on the subject. It was a question whether the abolitionists were going the right way to work—whether the fury of their agitation might not defeat its own ends—whether the Confederation could legitimately interfere with the internal affairs of the States.

All this had to be "figured out"; but, when his mind was satisfied on these points, Whittier's hesitation was at an end. He acted on the maxim which, in later life, he gave to an unknown youth who came to him for counsel: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

There could be no question of the unpopularity of the cause to which Whittier joined himself in the 'thirties. Anti-slavery opinions might indeed be held with impunity in those days, so long as they were held quietly and not made the pretext of an attempt to overthrow the institution; but abolitionism was another matter altogether. People exclaimed against that much as Lord Melbourne exclaimed against the preacher who wanted to "bring religion into private life." Only, whereas Lord Melbourne exclaimed in jest, the slaveholders and their friends exclaimed in earnest. Their property was in danger, and they meant to fight for it with all the weapons at their disposal—with sticks and stones, with torch and flame, with tar and feathers, and with "exclusive dealing."

It is an old story, and there is no room to repeat it here; it suffices to say that Whittier foresaw the risks, and did not find them imaginary. He was seriously afraid, as he confessed in later years, of being tarred and feathered; he could not, he said, trust his dearest friends not to be amused if that ignominy overtook him; and, though he escaped that extreme catastrophe, and was never even, like William Lloyd Garrison, led through the streets with a rope round his neck, he endured most of the bitterness of persecution. His offices in Philadelphia were burnt to the ground; he was chased and pelted with mud; he was excluded, for a long term of years, from all lucrative employment in his profession. But he did not flinch,

though he was poor and sometimes had to accept—and even to ask for—small subsidies from his friends that he might live. In so far as his health permitted, he attended anti-slavery meetings, and edited anti-slavery journals. Above all, he made his name as the one outstanding poet of the anti-slavery cause.

What shall we say of the poems thus written with a purpose? Perhaps the praise which one can most justly give them is the praise on which their author would have set most value. Written for a purpose, they were adapted to that purpose, and served it.

It is one of the ironies of the situation, indeed, that the poems which Whittier wrote systematically as the earnest and accredited bard of abolitionism have not stood the test of time so well as those which Longfellow "knocked off" in the course of a sea voyage, because Dickens had told him that he really ought to write something of the kind. But the explanation is simple enough. Whittier wrote less as an artist than as an advocate; he was not addressing posterity but the contemporary man in the street. So long as the man in the street listened, posterity might turn a deaf ear for all he cared. The best compliment he ever received was Sumner's, who told him that his poems were "suitable for use on the platform."

That is to say, they were rhetorical rather than poetical; and it is as rhetoric rather than poetry that they must be judged. If one says that one is reminded by them rather of Cicero's Catiline Orations than of any of the masterpieces of verse, one is not finding fault, but merely classifying. Considering them as rhetoric, one is bound to call them masterpieces without qualification. They display the gifts, not only of the orator, but of the debater. They have all the former's eloquence and white heat of indignation,

and all the latter's quick perception of the weak point in an opponent's case. The impression which they give is always, or nearly always, that a foolish antagonist has "given himself away" in controversy, and that Whittier has risen to reply, descending from the heights of scorn to tear his arguments to rags. He sometimes admitted, in after years, when calm had brought reflection, that his judgment had been wrong and his information incomplete; but no admission of that sort can ever destroy the effect of such a supreme rhetorical outburst as that on Daniel Webster's defection from the cause. Browning's *Last Leader* seems trivial and insincere compared with it:—

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought.
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

Sometimes, it may be, Whittier's Quakerism stood between him and the full effect which rhetoric might have extracted from his theme. One notices that particularly in the well-known lines beginning "John Brown of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die." The finest thing ever said of that Kentucky hero was that he had "made the gallows as glorious as the cross"; and Whittier could not say it. His principles forbade; he felt that he must apologize for John Brown's violence. Rhetorically, that was a mistake; rhetorically it would have been better, instead of mingling blame with praise, to leave

the topic to a rhetorician with fewer scruples. But such mistakes were rare. In the main Whittier says just the right thing in just the right words—few, and scathing, and clear. He is, in this phase of his work, the platform poet *par excellence*, never over the heads of his public, yet always urging their thoughts to a higher plane—and always, too, like a good platform man, ready with a poem whenever a poem was required.

Looking back on his career, Whittier declared, no doubt sincerely, that he owed all the fame he had achieved to his sacrifice of his immediate ambitions to the obscure abolitionist cause. About that, we may take it, he was wrong. Save in their perfect adjustment of means to end, his anti-slavery poems are not the best that he wrote. It is hard to believe that the author of "Barbara Frietchie," "Maud Muller," and "The Women of Marblehead" needed the flood-tide of a successful agitation to float him into popular favor. But his association with the abolitionists was, none the less, the most potent factor in determining both the character of his fame and the development of his genius.

Exactly what manner of man he would have become if he had stood aloof from the movement it is impossible to say. Probably a great writer of ballads; perhaps a journalist who would gradually have lost a good deal of his moral earnestness in an atmosphere which specially favors opportunism and compromise. But the speculation is an idle one. The distinctive note of Whittier is, after all, that he alone among the great American men of letters of his generation responded at once, and with all his heart, to this appeal to "come over into Macedonia."

Theoretically, indeed, the others—all of them who counted for anything—were on his side. The same evidence

was before them, and the same New England Puritanism was in their veins, so that it could not easily have been otherwise. In some respects they were his superiors. Longfellow had more culture, and Emerson had a finer intellect. But they were half-hearted Gallios compared with him. They gave the cause more sympathy than help, and only served it by fits and starts in the days when its need of service was greatest. Of course—if excuses are wanted—they had other things to do. Emerson wanted to see what he could make of the contemplative life at Concord, and Longfellow had to teach his classes at Harvard. Perhaps those were sufficient reasons for standing aside and leaving others to bear the burden and heat of the day. Not all men are called upon to be pioneers, or to lead forlorn hopes; and university refinement does indubitably lead men to shrink from the turmoil of popular agitations and the nonsense apt to be talked by cranks and extremists. But the contrast is not the less striking. While the others stayed in their tents, Whittier, the Quaker, came out—came out and stayed out during many toilsome years, fighting a losing battle until it was turned into a winning one. When one comes to survey the literary history of the America of that age, one may find that some other men's work was greater and more durable than Whittier's; but one feels, at the same time, that his was the noblest figure. He alone made sacrifices; he alone paid something more substantial than lip service to the ideal.

But, if this was the noblest figure of the period, it was also, in some sense, the loneliest. In the long years of prosperity that ensued after the struggle was over, he had many reverential admirers, but very few intimate friends. New England literary circles, as has been said, were eminently

"clubbable"; but Whittier was rather a distinguished visitor to the club than one who moved at his ease as a member of it. He was not one of the *Atlantic Monthly* contributors who returned from a winter dinner-party, arm in arm, awakening the echoes of the quiet streets of Cambridge with "a chorus called 'Putty Rum.'" One doubts whether he was present on the occasion when Oliver Wendell Holmes inquired; "Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?" He was, in fact, only on "formal" terms with the majority of his literary equals; and his court, like Chateaubriand's at an earlier date, was mainly a court of women. All his biographers have noticed these facts; some of the biographers have wondered what the reason for them could have been. Probably there were more reasons than one.

His Quakerism must have counted for something; for the tendency of the world has always been to be unjust to Quakers, thinking more of the accidents—then, if not in these days, "Inseparable" accidents—than of the essentials. Essentially there is a vast deal more of the "sweet reasonableness" of Christ in Quakerism than in any of the great churches, episcopal or congregational, established or free. The quiet neglect of complicated dogma, the humble silence until "the spirit moves," the open mind hopefully receptive of personal revelation—all this is more attractive, and at the same time more philosophic, than the hard assertiveness of organized theology. In these respects all the Christian churches have much to learn from the Quakers. But, if Quakerism attracts, it also repels, through a sort of pedantic eccentricity. It makes, or used to make, a religion of bad grammar and unbecoming dress; and this gives a Pharisaical impression. The Quaker seems to be thanking God, and demonstrating to his

neighbors, that he is not as other men are.

Whittier, we may be sure, intended nothing of the kind. He was not a self-righteous man, and his theological views were broad—especially in his later years. In the eyes of the orthodox, if they could have read his private letters, he would have appeared a sceptic. He even doubted whether "the creed of Christendom is really the glad tidings of great joy to all people which the angels sang of." He avowed that his trust in God was "not strong enough to overcome the natural shrinking from death." His only real faith was that "something outside of myself speaks to me and holds me to duty, warns, reproves, and approves." There is nothing either of bigotry or of spiritual pride in that—nothing to give offence to any liberally-minded man. But, while the views expanded, the narrow mannerisms remained. Whittier addressed people as "thou" and even as "thee." It is a habit which seems to declare that the speaker dwells in an exclusive moral atmosphere of his own; and intimate friendships cannot flourish when that impression is given. The Society of Friends has, by a curious irony, raised that barrier to friendship between its members and the rest of the community; and Whittier was entrenched behind it. That certainly must have been one of the explanations of the "formal" terms.

The moral earnestness may well have been another. Whittier had done so much for the great cause which had divided America during the years of his early manhood; the other men of letters had, by comparison, done so little. One can imagine that this difference—something approaching to a sense of shame on their part and something approaching to a sense of moral superiority, or, at all events, of greater strenuousness, on his—may have hung

as a shadow between them. And perhaps there may also have been "social" reasons.

Not reasons, of course, that were ever openly avowed, or even snobbishly felt; reasons merely that have their root in the nature of things in a complicated civilization. Whittier was a farmer's son, self-educated for the most part, who had become a poet and an agitator; his literary contemporaries were gentlemen who had been to the university and become scholars. Such men meet, of course, in any well-ordered community, aristocratic as well as democratic, on absolutely equal terms. But equality of intercourse is only one of the conditions on which intimate friendship depends. There must also be a certain common attitude of mind, not so much towards great things as towards small things, which is hardly possible where men have not only been born, but have grown up, in different social environments. Men so differently brought up never quite know each other because they never quite know each other's "media"; they have the feeling that they argue from different premisses and speak different languages. They may be full of respect for each other; they may be very cordial to each other. But they do not give their hearts to each other; the cordiality is tempered by reserve. It is nobody's fault, but it is a fact that has to be reckoned with; and it can hardly be doubted that we have here another of the reasons why Whittier's most intimate friendships were not with men but with women.

Women start with the assumption that men will be quite different creatures from themselves. They do not expect those similarities of taste and point of view, due to similar early surroundings, which men look for when choosing the circle of their closest friends. That, we may suppose, is one

of the reasons why happy international marriages are so much more frequent than intimate international friendships between persons of the same sex. It is also a reason why the distinguished stranger—provided that he be distinguished in his manners as well as his attainments—is more readily made to feel at home in feminine than in male society. There must always have been something of the distinguished stranger about Whittier when he moved in Harvard and *Atlantic Monthly* circles; and therefore, while men esteemed him from a more or less respectful distance, it was mainly with women that he passed the point of "formal" cordiality.

His best and most intimate letters are all addressed to women. It was to them that he confided his beliefs and his doubts—his pleasure in life, and his uncertainty concerning the mysteries that lay beyond. And they, on their part, after the way of women, wondered why so delightful a man had remained a bachelor, and circulated reports that he was engaged to be married, and, when he denied them, demanded explanations. His answer was:—

Circumstances—the care of an aged mother, and the duty owed to a sister in delicate health for many years—must be my excuse for living the lonely life which has called out thy pity. It is some, if a poor, consolation to think that, after all, it might have been a great deal worse. My life has been on the whole quite as happy as I deserved, or had a right to expect. I know there has something very sweet and beautiful been missed, but I have no reason to complain. I have learned, at least, to look into happiness through the eyes of others, and to thank God for the happy unions and holy firesides I have known.

It would seem, however, that only a portion of the truth is contained in that confession. For the rest one

turns, with a sure instinct, to the poem entitled "Memories," and reads of

A beautiful and happy girl,
With steps as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of
pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening
charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring,
When sinking into Summer's arms.

The memory, we know on Whittier's own authority, was not imaginary but real. "I hardly knew whether to publish it," he said to one who praised the poem. "It was so personal and near my heart." The full story to which it refers never has been, and perhaps never will be, told; but hints have been dropped by those who knew more than they thought it discreet to tell. It would appear to have been a version—a subdued and softened version—of the story of Lady Clara Vere de Vere; or perhaps it would be truer to

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say that it was an inversion of the story of Maud Muller. The farmer's son was not considered "good enough" for the woman of higher station whom he loved. The lovers were separated; and therefore, and thereafter:—

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have
been."

Perhaps. It may well be that Whittier lived with this memory through the years of storm and stress and struggle—that, at first he was too busy for any other image to take the place of it in his heart, and that afterwards, when he had conquered peace and calm, he felt that it was too late. But this is mere conjecture. The veil has not really been lifted, and we do not really know. We can only hope that the idealized memory dwelling in the Indian Summer of his heart gave him not less happiness than he could have derived from the realization of his boyhood's dreams.

Francis Gribble.

THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS.

I.

The boy who resided at Agathox Lodge, 28, Buckingham Park Road, Surbiton, had often been puzzled by the old sign-post that stood almost opposite. He asked his mother about it, and she replied that it was a joke, and not a very nice one, which had been made many years back by some naughty young men, and that the police ought to remove it. For there were two strange things about this sign-post: firstly, it pointed up a blank alley, and, secondly, it had painted on it, in faded characters, the words, "To Heaven."

"What kind of young men were they?" he asked.

"I think your father told me that one of them wrote verses, and was expelled from the University and came to grief in other ways. Still, it was a long time ago. You must ask your father about it. He will say the same as I do, that it was put up as a joke."

"So it doesn't mean anything at all?"

She sent him up-stairs to put on his best things, for the Boses were coming to tea, and he was to hand the cake-stand.

It struck him, as he wrenched on his tightening trousers, that he might do worse than ask Mr. Boses about the

sign-post. His father, though very kind, always laughed at him—shrieked with laughter whenever he or any other child asked a question or spoke. But Mr. Bons was serious as well as kind. He had a beautiful house and lent one books, he was a churchwarden, and a candidate for the County Council; he had donated to the Free Library enormously, he read papers at the Literary Society, and had Members of Parliament to stop with him—in short, he was probably the wisest person alive.

Yet even Mr. Bons could only say that the sign-post was a joke—the joke of a person named Shelley.

"Of course!" cried the mother; "I told you so, dear. That was the name."

"Had you never heard of Shelley?" asked Mr. Bons.

"No," said the boy, and hung his head.

"But is there no Shelley in the house?"

"Why, yes!" exclaimed the lady, in much agitation. "Dear Mr. Bons, we aren't such Philistines as that. Two at the least. One a wedding present, and the other, smaller print, in one of the spare rooms."

"I believe we have seven Shelleys," said Mr. Bons, with a slow smile. Then he brushed the cake crumbs off his stomach, and, together with his daughter, rose to go.

The boy, obeying a wink from his mother, saw them all the way to the garden gate, and when they had gone he did not at once return to the house, but gazed for a little up and down Buckingham Park Road.

His parents lived at the right end of it. After No. 39 the quality of the houses dropped very suddenly, and 64 had not even a separate servants' entrance. But at the present moment the whole road looked rather pretty, for the sun had just set in splendor,

and the inequalities of rent were drowned in a saffron afterglow. Small birds twittered and the bread-winners' train shrieked musically down through the cutting—that wonderful cutting which has drawn to itself the whole beauty out of Surbiton, and clad itself, like any Alpine valley, with the glory of the fir and the silver birch and the primrose. It was this cutting that had first stirred desires within the boy—desires for something just a little different, he knew not what, desires that would return whenever things were sunlit, as they were this evening, running up and down inside him, up and down, up and down, till he would feel quite unusual all over, and as likely as not would want to cry. This evening he was even sillier, for he slipped across the road towards the sign-post and began to run up the blank alley.

The alley runs between high walls—the walls of the gardens of "Ivanhoe" and "Belle Vista" respectively. It smells a little all the way, and is scarcely twenty yards long, including the turn at the end. So not unnaturally the boy soon came to a standstill. "I'd like to kick that Shelley," he exclaimed, and glanced idly at a piece of paper which was pasted on the wall. Rather an odd piece of paper, and he read it carefully before he turned back. This is what he read:

S. and C. R. C. C.

Alteration in Service.

Owing to lack of patronage the Company are regretfully compelled to suspend the hourly service, and to retain only the

Sunrise and Sunset Omnibuses,

which will run as usual. It is to be hoped that the public will patronize an arrangement which is intended for

their convenience. As an extra inducement, the Company will, for the first time, now issue

RETURN TICKETS!

(available one day only), which may be obtained of the driver. Passengers are again reminded that *no tickets are issued at the other end*, and that no complaints in this connection will receive consideration from the Company. Nor will the Company be responsible for any negligence or stupidity on the part of Passengers, nor for Hallstorms, Lightning, Loss of Tickets, nor for any Act of God.

For the Direction.

Now he had never seen this notice before, nor could he imagine where the omnibus went to. S. of course, was for Surbiton, and R. C. C. meant Road Car Company. But what was the meaning of the other C.? Coombe and Malden, perhaps, or possibly "City." Yet it could not hope to compete with the South-Western. The whole thing, the boy reflected, was run on hopelessly unbusinesslike lines. Why no tickets from the other end? And what an hour to start! Then he realized that unless the notice was a hoax, an omnibus must have been starting just as he was wishing the Bonses good-bye. He peered at the ground through the gathering dusk, and there he saw what might or not be the marks of wheels. Yet nothing had come out of the alley. And he had never seen an omnibus at any time in the Buckingham Park Road. No: it must be a hoax, like the sign-posts, like the fairy tales, like the dreams upon which he would wake suddenly in the night. And with a sigh he stepped from the alley—right into the arms of his father.

Oh, how his father laughed! "Poor, poor Popsey!" he cried. "Diddums! Diddums! Diddums think he'd walky-

palky up to Evvink!" And his mother, also convulsed with laughter, appeared on the steps of Agathox Lodge. "Don't, Bob!" she gasped. "Don't be so naughty! Oh, you'll kill me! Oh, leave the boy alone!"

But all that evening the joke was kept up. The father implored to be taken too. Was it a very tiring walk? Need one wipe one's shoes on the doormat? And the boy went to bed feeling faint and sore, and thankful for only one thing—that he had not said a word about the omnibus. It was a hoax, yet through his dreams it grew more and more real, and the streets of Surbiton, through which he saw it driving, seemed instead to become hoaxes and shadows. And very early in the morning he woke with a cry, for he had had a glimpse of its destination.

He struck a match, and its light fell not only on his watch but also on his calendar, so that he knew it to be half-an-hour to sunrise. It was pitch dark, for the fog had come down from London in the night, and all Surbiton was wrapped in its embraces. Yet he sprang out and dressed himself, for he was determined to settle once for all which was real: the omnibus or the streets. "I shall be a fool one way or the other," he thought, "until I know." Soon he was shivering in the road under the gas lamp that guarded the entrance to the alley.

To enter the alley itself required some courage. Not only was it horribly dark, but he now realized that it was an impossible terminus for an omnibus. If it had not been for a policeman, whom he heard approaching through the fog, he would never have made the attempt. The next moment he had made the attempt and failed. Nothing. Nothing but a blank alley and a very silly boy gaping at its dirty floor. It *was* a hoax. "I'll tell papa and mamma," he decided. "I deserve it. I deserve that they should know.

I am too silly to be alive." And he went back to the gate of Agathox Lodge.

There he remembered that his watch was fast. The sun was not risen; it would not rise for two minutes. "Give the omnibus every chance," he thought cynically, and returned into the alley.

But the omnibus was there.

II.

It had two horses, whose sides were still smoking from their journey, and its two great lamps shone through the fog against the alley's walls, changing their cobwebs and moss into tissues of fairy land. The driver was huddled up in a cape. He faced the blank wall, and how he had managed to drive in so neatly and so silently was one of the many things that the boy never discovered. Nor could he imagine how ever he would drive out.

"Please," his voice quavered through the foul brown air, "Please, is that an omnibus?"

"Omnibus est," said the driver, without turning round. There was a moment's silence. The policeman passed, coughing, by the entrance of the alley. The boy crouched in the shadow, for he did not want to be found out. He was pretty sure, too, that it was a Pirate; nothing else, he reasoned, would go from such odd places and at such odd hours.

"About when do you start?" He tried to sound nonchalant.

"At sunrise."

"How far do you go?"

"The whole way."

"And can I have a return ticket which will bring me all the way back?"

"You can."

"Do you know, I half think I'll come." The driver made no answer. The sun must have risen, for he unhitched the brake. And scarcely had

the boy jumped in before the omnibus was off.

How? Did it turn? There was no room. Did it go forward? There was a blank wall. Yet it was moving—moving at a stately pace through the fog, which had turned from brown to yellow. The thought of warm bed and warmer breakfast made the boy feel faint. He wished he had not come. His parents would not have approved. He would have gone back to them if the weather had not made it impossible. The solitude was terrible; he was the only passenger. And the omnibus, though well-bUILT, was cold and somewhat musty. He drew his coat round him, and in so doing chanced to feel his pocket. It was empty. He had forgotten his purse.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop!" And then, being of a polite disposition, he glanced up at the painted notice-board so that he might call the driver by name. "Mr. Browne! stop; O, do please stop!"

Mr. Browne did not stop, but he opened a little window and looked in at the boy. His face was a surprise, so kind it was and modest.

"Mr. Browne, I've left my purse behind. I've not got a penny. I can't pay for the ticket. Will you take my watch, please? I am in the most awful hole."

"Tickets on this line," said the driver, "whether single or return, can be purchased by coinage from no terrene mint. And a chronometer, though it had solaced the vigils of Charlemagne, or measured the slumbers of Laura, can acquire by no mutation the double-cake that charms the fangless Cerberus of Heaven!" So saying, he handed in the necessary ticket, and, while the boy said "Thank-you," continued: "Titular pretensions, I know it well, are vanity. Yet they merit no censure when uttered on a laughing lip, and in an homonymous world are in some sort use-

ful, since they do serve to distinguish one Jack from his fellow. Remember me, therefore, as Sir Thomas Browne."

"Are you a Sir? Oh, sorry!" He had heard of these gentlemen drivers. "It is good of you about the ticket. But if you go on at this rate, however does your 'bus pay?"

"It does not pay. It was not intended to pay. Many are the faults of my equipage; it is compounded too curiously out of foreign woods; its cushions tickle erudition rather than promote repose; and my horses are nourished not on the evergreen pastures of the moment, but on the dried bents and clovers of Latinity. But that it pays! that error at all events was never intended and never attained."

"Sorry again," said the boy rather hopelessly. Sir Thomas looked sad, fearing that, even for a moment, he had been the cause of sadness. He invited the boy to come up and sit beside him on the box, and together they journeyed on through the fog, which was now changing from yellow to white. There were no houses by the road; so it must be either Putney Heath or Wimbledon Common.

"Have you been a driver always?"

"I was a physician once."

"But why did you stop? Weren't you good?"

"As a healer of bodies I had scant success, and several score of my patients preceded me. But as a healer of the spirit I have succeeded beyond my hopes and my deserts. For though my draughts were not better nor subtler than those of other men, yet, by reason of the cunning goblets wherein I offered them, the queasy soul was oft-times tempted to sip and be refreshed."

"The queasy soul," he murmured; "if the sun sets with trees in front of it, and you suddenly come strange all over, is that a queasy soul?"

"Have you felt that?"

"Why yes."

After a pause he told the boy a little, a very little, about the journey's end. But they did not chatter much, for the boy, when he liked a person, would as soon sit silent in his company as speak, and this, he discovered, was also the mind of Sir Thomas Browne and of many others with whom he was to be acquainted. He heard, however, about the young man Shelley, who was now quite a famous person, with a carriage of his own, and about some of the other drivers who are in the service of the Company. Meanwhile the light grew stronger, though the fog did not disperse. It was now more like mist than fog, and at times would travel quickly across them as if it was part of a cloud. They had been ascending, too, in a most puzzling way; for over two hours the horses had been pulling against the collar, and even if it was Richmond Hill they ought to have been at the top long ago. Perhaps it was Epsom, or even the North Downs; yet the air seemed keener than that which blows on either. And as to the name of their destination, Sir Thomas Browne was silent.

Crash!

"Thunder, by Jove!" said the boy, "and not so far off either. Listen to the echoes! It's more like mountains."

He thought, not very vividly, of his father and mother. He saw them sitting down to sausages and listening to the storm. He saw his own empty place. Then there would be questions, alarms, theories, jokes, consolations. They would expect him back at lunch. To lunch he would not come, nor to tea, but he would be in for dinner, and so his day's truancy would be over. If he had had his purse he would have brought them presents—not that he should have known what to get them.

Crash!

The peal and the lightning came together. The cloud quivered as if it

was alive, and torn streamers of mist rushed past. "Are you afraid?" asked Sir Thomas Browne.

"What is there to be afraid of? Is it much farther?"

The horses of the omnibus stopped just as a ball of fire burst up and exploded with a ringing noise that was deafening but clear, like the noise of a blacksmith's forge. All the cloud was shattered.

"Oh, listen, Sir Thomas Browne! No, I mean look; we shall get a view at last. No, I mean listen; that sounds like a rainbow!"

The noise had died into the faintest murmur, beneath which another murmur grew, spreading stealthily, steadily, in a curve that widened but did not vary. And in widening curves a rainbow was spreading from the horses' feet into the dissolving mists.

"But how beautiful! What colors! Where will it stop? It is more like the rainbows you can tread on. More like dreams."

The color and the sound grew together. The rainbow spanned an enormous gulf. Clouds rushed under it and were pierced by it, and still it grew, reaching forward, conquering the darkness, until it touched something that seemed more solid than a cloud.

The boy stood up. "What is that out there?" he called. "What does it rest on, out at that other end?"

In the morning sunshine a precipice shone forth beyond the gulf. A precipice—or was it a castle? But the rainbow rested on its ledges. The horses moved. They set their feet upon the rainbow.

"Oh, look!" the boy shouted. "Oh, listen! Those caves—or are they gateways? Oh, look between those cliffs at those valleys. I see people! I see trees!"

"Look also below," whispered Sir Thomas. "Neglect not the diviner Acheron."

The boy looked below, past the flames of the rainbow that licked against their wheels. The gulf also had cleared, and in its depths there flowed an everlasting river. One sunbeam entered and struck a green pool, and as they passed over he saw three maidens rise to the surface of the pool, singing, and playing with something that glistened like a ring.

"You down in the water——" he called.

They answered, "You up on the bridge——" There was a burst of music. "You up on the bridge, good luck to you. Truth in the depth, truth on the height."

"You down in the water, what are you doing?"

Sir Thomas Browne replied: "They sport in the manciplary possession of their gold"; and the omnibus arrived.

III.

The boy was in disgrace. He sat locked up in the nursery of Agathox Lodge, learning poetry for a punishment. His father had said, "My boy! I can pardon anything but untruthfulness," and had caned him, saying at each stroke, "There is *no omnibus, no driver, no bridge, no mountain*; you are a *truant, a guttersnipe, a liar*." His father could be very stern at times. His mother had begged him to say he was sorry. But he could not say that. It was the greatest day of his life, in spite of the caning and the poetry at the end of it.

He had returned punctually at sunset—driven not by Sir Thomas Browne, but by a maiden lady who was full of quiet fun. They had talked of omnibuses and also of barouche landaus. How far away her gentle voice seemed now! Yet it was scarcely three hours since he had left her up the alley.

His mother called through the door. "Dear, you are to come down and to bring your poetry with you."

He came down, and found that Mr. Bons was in the smoking-room with his father. It had been a dinner party.

"Here is the great traveller!" said his father grimly. "Here is the young gentleman who drives in an omnibus over rainbows, while young ladies sing to him." Pleased with his wit, he laughed.

"After all," said Mr. Bons, smiling, "there is something a little like it in Wagner. It is odd how, in quite illiterate minds; you will find glimmers of Artistic Truth. The case interests me. Let me plead for the culprit. We have all romanced in our time, haven't we?"

"Hear how kind Mr. Bons is," said his mother, while his father said, "Very well. Let him say his Poem, and that will do. He is going away to my sister on Tuesday, and *she* will cure him of this alley-sloping." (Laughter.) "Say your Poem."

The boy began. "Standing aloof in giant ignorance."

His father laughed again—roared. "One for you, my son! 'Standing aloof in giant ignorance!' I never knew these poets talked sense. Just describes you. Here, Bons, you go in for poetry. Put him through it, will you, while I fetch up the whisky?"

"Yes, give me the Keats," said Mr. Bons. "Let him say his Keats to me."

So for a few moments the wise man and the ignorant boy were left alone in the smoking-room.

"Standing aloof in giant ignorance, of thee I dream and of the Cyclades, as one who sits ashore and longs perchance to visit——"

"Quite right. To visit what?"

"To visit dolphin coral in deep seas," said the boy, and burst into tears.

"Come, come! why do you cry?"

"Because—because all these words that meant nothing, now that I've come back they're me."

Mr. Bons laid the Keats down. The case was more interesting than he had expected. "*You?*" he exclaimed. "This sonnet, *you?*"

"Yes—and look further on:—'Aye, on the shores of darkness there is light, and precipices show untrodden green.' It is so, sir. All these things are true."

"I never doubted it," said Mr. Bons, with closed eyes.

"You—then you believe me? You believe in the omnibus and the driver and the storm and that return ticket I got for nothing and——"

"Tut, tut! No more of your yarns, my boy. I meant that I never doubted the essential truth of Poetry. Some day, when you have read more, you will understand what I mean."

"But Mr. Bons, it is so. There is light upon the shores of darkness. I have seen it coming. Light and a wind."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Bons.

"If I had stopped! They tempted me. They told me to give up my ticket—for you cannot come back if you lose your ticket. They called from the river for it, and indeed I was tempted, for I have never been so happy as among those precipices. But I thought of my mother and father, and that I must fetch them. Yet they will not come, though the road starts opposite our house. It has all happened as the people up there warned me, and Mr. Bons has disbelieved me like every one else. I have been caned. I shall never see that mountain again."

"What's that about me?" said Mr. Bons, sitting up in his chair very suddenly.

"I told them about you, and how clever you were, and how many books you had, and they said, 'Mr. Bons will certainly disbelieve you.'"

"Stuff and nonsense, my young friend. You grow impertinent. I—well—I will settle the matter. Not a

word to your father. I will cure you. To-morrow evening I will myself call here to take you for a walk, and at sunset we will go up this alley opposite and hunt for your omnibus, you silly little boy."

His face grew serious, for the boy was not disconcerted, but leapt about the room singing, "Joy! joy! I told them you would believe me. We will drive together over the rainbow. I told them that you would come." After all, could there be anything in the story? Wagner? Keats? Shelley? Sir Thomas Browne? Certainly the case was interesting.

And on the morrow evening, though it was pouring with rain, Mr. Bons did not omit to call at Agathox Lodge.

The boy was ready, bubbling with excitement, and skipping about in a way that rather vexed the President of the Literary Society. They took a turn down Buckingham Park Road, and then—having seen that no one was watching them—slipped up the alley. Naturally enough (for the sun was setting) they ran straight against the omnibus.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Bons. "Good gracious heavens!"

It was not the omnibus in which the boy had driven first, nor yet that in which he had returned. There were three horses—black, gray, and white, the gray being the finest. The driver, who turned round at the mention of goodness and of heaven, was a sallow man with terrifying jaws and sunken eyes. Mr. Bons, on seeing him, gave a cry as if of recognition, and began to tremble violently.

The boy jumped in.

"Is it possible?" cried Mr. Bons. "Is the impossible possible?"

"Sir; come in, sir. It is such a fine omnibus. Oh, here is his name—Dan some one."

Mr. Bons sprang in too. A blast of wind immediately slammed the omni-

bus door, and the shock jerked down all the omnibus blinds, which were very weak on their springs.

"Dan . . . Show me. Good gracious heavens! we're moving."

"Hooray!" said the boy.

Mr. Bons became flustered. He had not intended to be kidnapped. He could not find the door-handle, nor push up the blinds. The omnibus was quite dark, and by the time he had struck a match, night had come on outside also. They were moving rapidly.

"A strange, a memorable adventure," he said, surveying the interior of the omnibus, which was large, roomy, and constructed with extreme regularity, every part exactly answering to every other part. Over the door (the handle of which was outside) was written, "Lasciate ogni baldanza voi che entrate"—at least, that was what was written, but Mr. Bons said that it was Lashy arty something, and that baldanza was a mistake for speranza. His voice sounded as if he was in church. Meanwhile, the boy called to the cadaverous driver for two return tickets. They were handed in without a word. Mr. Bons covered his face with his hand and again trembled. "Do you know who that is?" he whispered, when the little window had shut upon them. "It is the impossible."

"Well, I don't like him as much as Sir Thomas Browne, though I shouldn't be surprised if he had even more in him."

"More in him?" He stamped irritably. "By accident you have made the greatest discovery of the century, and all you can say is that there is more in this man. Do you remember those vellum books in my library, stamped with red lilies? This—sit still, I bring you stupendous news!—*this is the man who wrote them.*"

The boy sat quite still. "I wonder if we shall see Mrs. Gamp?" he asked, after a civil pause.

"Mrs. —"

"Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris. I like Mrs. Harris. I came upon them quite suddenly. Mrs. Gamp's handboxes have moved over the rainbow so badly. All the bottoms have fallen out, and two of the pippins off her bedstead tumbled into the stream."

"Out there sits the man who wrote my vellum books!" thundered Mr. Bons, "And you talk to me of Dickens and of Mrs. Gamp?"

"I know Mrs. Gamp so well," he apologized. "I could not help being glad to see her. I recognized her voice. She was telling Mrs. Harris about Mrs. Prig."

"Did you spend the whole day in her elevating company?"

"Oh, no. I raced. I met a man who took me out beyond to a race-course. You run, and there are dolphins out at sea."

"Indeed. Do you remember the man's name?"

"Achilles. No; he was later. Tom Jones."

Mr. Bons sighed heavily. "Well, my lad, you have made a miserable mess of it. Think of a cultured person with your opportunities! A cultured person would have known all these characters and known what to have said to each. He would not have wasted his time with a Mrs. Gamp or a Tom Jones. The creations of Homer, of Shakespeare, and of Him who drives us now, would alone have contented him. He would not have raced. He would have asked intelligent questions."

"But, Mr. Bons," said the boy humbly, "you will be a cultured person. I told them so."

"True, true, and I beg you not to disgrace me when we arrive. No gossiping. No running. Keep close to my side, and never speak to these Immortals unless they speak to you. Yes, and give me the return tickets. You will be losing them."

The boy surrendered the tickets, but felt a little sore. After all, he had found the way to this place. It was hard first to be disbelieved, and then to be lectured. Meanwhile, the rain had stopped, and moonlight crept into the omnibus through the cracks in the blinds.

"But how is there to be a rainbow?" cried the boy.

"You distract me," snapped Mr. Bons. "I wish to meditate on beauty. I wish to goodness I was with a reverent and sympathetic person."

The lad bit his lip. He made a hundred good resolutions. He would imitate Mr. Bons all the visit. He would not laugh, or run, or sing, or do any of the vulgar things that must have disgusted his new friends last time. He would be very careful to pronounce their names properly, and to remember who knew whom. Achilles did not know Tom Jones—at least, so Mr. Bons said. The Duchess of Malfi was older than Mrs. Gamp—at least, so Mr. Bons said. He would be self-conscious, reticent, and prim. He would never say he liked any one. Yet, when the blind flew up at a chance touch of his head, all these good resolutions went to the winds, for the omnibus had reached the summit of a moonlit hill, and there was the chasm, and there, across it, stood the old precipices, dreaming, with their feet in the everlasting river. He exclaimed, "The mountain! Listen to the new tune in the water! Look at the camp fires in the ravines," and Mr. Bons, after a hasty glance, retorted, "Water? Ravines? Ridiculous rubbish. Hold your tongue. There is nothing at all."

Yet, under his eyes, a rainbow formed, compounded not of sunlight and storm, but of moonlight and the spray of the river. The three horses put their feet upon it. He thought it the finest rainbow he had seen, but did not dare to say so, since Mr. Bons said that nothing was there. He leant

out—the window had opened—and sang the tune that rose from the sleeping waters.

"The prelude to Rhinegold?" said Mr. Bons suddenly. "Who taught you these *leit motive*s?" He, too, looked out of the window. Then he behaved very oddly. He gave a choking cry, and fell back on to the omnibus floor. He writhed and kicked. His face was green.

"Does the bridge make you dizzy?" the boy asked.

"Dizzy!" gasped Mr. Bons. "I want to go back. Tell the driver."

But the driver shook his head.

"We are nearly there," said the boy. "They are asleep. Shall I call? They will be so pleased to see you, for I have prepared them."

Mr. Bons moaned. They moved over the lunar rainbow, which ever and ever broke away behind their wheels. How still the night was! Who would be sentry at the Gate?

"I am coming," he shouted, again forgetting the hundred resolutions. "I am returning—I, the boy."

"The boy is returning," cried a voice to other voices, who repeated, "The boy is returning."

"I am bringing Mr. Bons with me." Silence.

"I should have said Mr. Bons is bringing me with him."

Profound silence.

"Who stands sentry?"

"Achilles."

And on the rocky causeway, close to the springing of the rainbow bridge, he saw a young man who carried a wonderful shield.

"Mr. Bons, it is Achilles, armed."

"I want to go back," said Mr. Bons.

The last fragment of the rainbow melted, the wheels sang upon the living rock, the door of the omnibus burst open. Out leapt the boy—he could not resist—and sprang to meet the warrior, who, stooping suddenly, caught him on his shield.

"Achilles!" he cried, "let me get down, for I am ignorant and vulgar, and I must wait for that Mr. Bons of whom I told you yesterday."

But Achilles raised him aloft. He crouched on the wonderful shield, on heroes and burning cities, on vineyards graven in gold, on every dear passion, every joy, on the entire image of the Mountain that he had discovered, encircled, like the Mountain, with an everlasting stream. "No, no," he protested, "I am not worthy. It is Mr. Bons who must be up here."

But Mr. Bons was whimpering, and Achilles trumpeted and cried, "Stand upright upon my shield!"

"Sir, I did not mean to stand! something made me stand. Sir, why do you delay? Here is only the great Achilles, whom you knew."

Mr. Bons screamed, "I see no one. I see nothing. I want to go back." Then he cried to the driver, "Save me! Let me stop in your chariot. I have honored you. I have quoted you. I have bound you in vellum. Take me back to my world."

The driver replied, "I am the means and not the end. I am the food and not the life. Stand by yourself, as that boy has stood. I cannot save you. For poetry is a spirit; and they that would worship it must worship in spirit and in truth."

Mr. Bons—he could not resist—crawled out of the beautiful omnibus. His face appeared, gaping horribly. His hands followed, one gripping the step, the other beating the air. Now his shoulders emerged, his chest, his stomach. With a shriek of "I see London," he fell—fell against the hard, moonlit rock, fell into it as if it were water, fell through it, vanished, and was seen by the boy no more.

"Where have you fallen to, Mr. Bons? Here is a procession arriving to honor you with music and torches. Here come the men and women whose

names you know. The mountain is awake, the river is awake, over the race-course the sea is awaking those dolphins, and it is all for you. They want you——"

There was the touch of fresh leaves on his forehead. Some one had crowned him.

From the *Kingston Gazette*, *Surbiton Times* and *Raynes Park Observer*.

The body of Mr. Septimus Bons has
The Albany Review.

been found in a shockingly mutilated condition in the vicinity of the Bermondsey gas works. The deceased's pockets contained a sovereign-purse, a silver cigar-case, a bijou pronouncing dictionary, and a couple of omnibus tickets. The unfortunate gentleman had apparently been hurled from a considerable height. Foul play is suspected, and a thorough investigation is pending by the authorities.

E. M. Forster.

THE OLD ORDER.

The motor cars were crossing the Downs to Goodwood races. Slowly they mounted, sending forth an olly reek, a jerky grinding sound; and a cloud of dust hung over the white road. Since ten o'clock they had been mounting, one by one, each freighted with the pale conquerors of time and space; each steely entrained, fiery lunged; each with a strenuous hurried soul. None paused on the top of the green heights, but with a convulsive shaking leaped and glided swiftly down; and the tooting of their valves and the whirring of their wheels spread on either hand along the hills.

But from the clump of beech trees on the very top nothing of their progress could be heard, and nothing seen but the haze of dust trailing behind them like a hurried ghost.

Amongst the smooth gray beech stems of that grove were the pallid forms of sheep, and it was cool and still as in a temple. Outside the day was bright, and a hundred yards away in the hot sun, the shepherd of the sheep, an old bent man, in an ancient coat, was leaning on his stick. His brown face, all wrinkled like a walnut, was fringed round with a stubble of

gray beard. He stood there very still, and waited to be spoken to.

"A fine day?"

"Aye, fine enough; a little sun won't do no harm. 'Twon't last!"

"How can you tell that?"

"Tell? I been upon these Downs for sixty year!"

"You must have seen some changes?"

He knelt upon one knee before he made reply.

"Changes in men—an' sheep?"

"And wages, too, I suppose; what were they when you were twenty?"

"Eight shillin' a week!"

"But living was surely more expensive?"

"So 'twas; the bread was mortal dear, I know, an' the flour that black! An' pie-crust, why! 'twas 'ard as wood."

"And what are wages now?"

"There's not a man about the Downs don't get his sixteen shillin'; some gets a pound, some more. . . . There they go! Shan't get 'em out now till tew o'clock!" His sheep, indeed, were slipping one by one into the grove of beech trees, where, in the pale light and cool, no flies tormented them. His little blue eyes seemed to rebuke his sheep

because they would not feed the whole day long.

"It's cool in there. Some says that sheep is silly. 'Taint so very much that they don't know."

"So you think the times have changed a lot?"

"Well! There's a mint more money in the country."

"And education?"

"Ah! Eeducation—s' far's I can see, they spends all day about it. Look at the railways, too, an' telegraphs! See! That's bound to make a difference."

"So, things are better, on the whole?"

He smiled.

"I was married at twenty on eight shillin' a week; you won't find 'em doin' such a thing as that these days—they want their comforts now. There's not the spirit of content about of forty or fifty years ago. All's for movin' away, an' goin' to the towns; an' when they get there, from what I've heard, they wishes they was back; but they don't never come."

There was no complaining in his voice; rather a matter-of-fact and slightly mocking tolerance.

"You'll see none now that live their lives up on the Downs an' never want to change. The more they get the more they want. They smell the money that these millioners is spendin'—seems to make 'em think they can do just anythin' s' long as they get some of it theirselves. Times past, a man would do his job, an' never think because 'is master wus rich that he could cheat 'im; he gave a value for his wages, to keep well with 'imself. Now a man thinks that 'cos he's poor, 'e ought to ha' been rich, and goes about complainin', doin' just as little as he can. It's my belief they get their notions from the daily papers; hear too much of all that's goin' on—it on-settles them; they read about this Sawcialism, an' these millioners; It makes a pudden' in their 'eads. Look

at the beer that's drunk about it. For one gallon that was drunk when I were young, there's twenty gallon now. The very sheep a' changed since I remember; not one o' them ewes you see before you there that isn't pedigree, and the care that's taken o' them! They'd have me think that men's improvin', too; richer they may be, but what's the yuse o' riches if your wants are bigger than your purse? A man's riches is the things 'e does without an' never misses."

Still crouching on his knee, he added:

"Ther' goes the last o' them; shan't get 'em out now till tew o'clock. One gone—all go."

And squatting down as though responsibility were at an end, he leaned one elbow on the grass, his eyes screwed up against the sun. And in his brown old face, with its myriad wrinkles and square chin, there was a queer contentment, as though approving the perversity of sheep.

"So riches don't consist in man's possessions, but in what he doesn't want? You are an enemy of progress?"

"These Downs don't change—'tis only man that changes; what good's he doin', that's what I ask—he's makin' wants as fast as ever 'e makes riches."

"Won't a time come when he will see that to be really rich his supply must be in excess of his demand? When he sees that, he will go on making riches, but control his wants."

He paused, to see if there were any meaning in such words, then answered:

"On these Downs I been, man an' boy, for sixty year."

"And are you happy?"

He wrinkled up his brows.

"What age d'you think I am? Seventy-six!"

"You look as if you'd live to be a hundred."

"Can't expect it. My 'ealth's good, though, 'cept for these."

All the fingers of both hands from the top joint to the tip were warped towards the thumb, like the wind-warped branches of a tree.

"Looks funny? I 'don't feel 'em, though; an' what you don't feel don't trouble you!"

"But what has caused it?"

"They tell me rheumatiz; I don't make nothin' of it. Where there's doctors there's disease."

"So, then, you think we make our ailments, too, as fast as we make remedies?"

He slowly passed his old gnarled hand over the short grass that was worn to the palms of the hand.

"My old missus had the doctor when she died. . . . See that dust? That's motor cars bringin' folks to Goodwood races. Wonderful quick travellin' things."

"A fine invention?"

"There's some believes in them. But if they folk weren't doin' everything, and goin' everywhere at once, ther'd be no need for them rampagin' motors."

"Have you ever been in one yourself?"

His little patient eyes began to twinkle mockingly. He shook his head.

"I'd like to get one here on a snowy winter's day, when ye've to find yer way by sound and smell; there's things up here they wouldn't make so free with. Downs'll be left when they're all gone. There's things no man can ride away from. . . . They say from London ye can get to anywhere. Never been off the Downs meself."

"But don't you ever feel you'd like to go?"

"There isn't not hardly one as knows what these Downs are. I see the young men growin' up, and off they go. I see folk comin' down, same as yourself, to look at 'em."

The Nation.

"And the Downs, what are they then?"

His little eyes, that saw so vastly better than my eyes, deepened in his walnut-colored face. Fixed on those gray-green Downs, that reigned serene above the country spread below in all its little fields, and woods, and villages, they answered for him. It was long before he spoke:

"'Ealthiest spot in England! Talkin' you was of comfort; well, look at bacon—four times the price now that ever it was when I were young. And families—thirteen we 'ad, my missus and meself; but nowadays if they 'ave three or four it's as much as ever they'll put up with. The country's changed."

"Does that surprise you? When you came up here this morning the sun was just behind that clump of beech—it's travelled on since then!"

He looked at it.

"There's no puttin' of it back, I guess, if that's your meanin'? It were risin' then, an' now it's gone past noon."

"Joshua made the sun stand still; it was a great achievement."

"May well say that; won't never be done again, I'm thinkin'. And as to knowin' o' the time o' day, them ewes they know it better than ever humans do; at tew o'clock you'll see them comin' out again to feed."

"Ah! well, I must be getting on. Good-bye!"

His little eyes began to twinkle with a sort of friendly mockery.

"Ye're like the country, all for movin' on your way! Well, keep on, along the tops, ye can't make no mistake!"

He gave me his old gnarled hand, whose finger tips were all so strangely warped. Then, leaning on his stick, he fixed his eyes upon the beech grove where his ewes were lying in the cool.

Beyond him in the sun the hazy line of dust trailed across the gray-green Downs, and on the rising breeze came the far-off music of the motor cars.

John Galsworthy.

PACE AND THE EYE.

There is nothing so deceptive to the human eye as pace. It is not only the actual image conveyed to the brain through the lens of the eye which gives the idea of speed, but surrounding circumstances, the proportion of the moving object to other moving objects, and many other factors. We are also slaves of habit, and the mind reflects this tendency in expecting speed where speed is presupposed, and not in cases where speed has not hitherto existed. Just consider how often in legal cases motor-cars, bicycles, and horses are said by witnesses giving evidence to be going "like an express train" or like a "flash of lightning." This simile of the bystander describing a moving object as going by "like an express train" is very common, yet probably in not one out of a thousand cases in which the term is used has the pace of the moving object under discussion approximated to anything like sixty, forty, or even thirty miles an hour.

In the recent controversy in the "Times" on the virtues and faults of motorists and their driving, nothing has been more remarkable than the way in which the critics of motor-cars have almost unanimously assumed that horses rarely exceed a speed of ten miles an hour. On the other hand, it has been proved by reliable and scientific timing that hansom-cabs and other vehicles on the Embankment often go at a rate exceeding twelve miles an hour. Hansom-cab records, according to evidence given before the Royal Commission, varied from 13.24 to 15.41 miles per hour, while a private brougham went 15.8 miles an hour, and a bicycle 19.06 miles per hour, the London County Council tramcars at Streatham Hill heading the speed records—15.41 miles per hour being the

lowest and 20.45 miles per hour the highest rate of speed. Yet nervous anti-motorists demand a ten-mile limit in towns and a twelve-mile limit in the country, because they think a rate of twelve miles an hour is really fast. The fact is that great confusion exists in the public mind as to the meaning of the expression "so many miles an hour." The average writer or talker usually means, when he says "so many miles an hour," to imply "so many miles in one hour," quite a different thing. A good horse can cover ten miles in one hour; but many quite inferior horses as regards sustained speed can trot for two hundred yards, or even a quarter of a mile, at the rate of twelve miles an hour or more. Similarly, with regard to motor-cars, trains, or bicycles, there is hardly a vehicle built of the two former classes which cannot on the level attain a speed of over twenty miles an hour; but to accomplish twenty miles in one hour needs a comparatively highly powered motor-car and a specially designed tramcar. It is hardly necessary to explain that this discrepancy between the rate of speed over a short distance and number of miles actually covered in one hour is due to the fact that much more time is occupied during a journey in slowing for ascents and descents, in turning corners, in passing other vehicles, and in many other ways than would be thought possible by the casual observer. The same thesis holds good as regards trains. Take London to Crewe, a hundred and fifty-one miles, which the North Western's excellent trains cover in three hours. This performance means, not that the locomotive has kept up a steady fifty miles an hour, but that it has run at a speed of sixty

miles an hour or over for the greater part of the distance, for there is the starting up hill from Euston, the necessity for running cautiously past certain junctions, and eventually the time taken in slowing down from a high speed to the standstill at the platform at Crewe. There is only one kind of record, so far as I know, in which speed from place to place is as a rule uninterrupted (except it be by fogs), that is in ocean records. From Daunt's Lightship to Sandy Hook, for instance, stretches the racecourse of the Atlantic liners. What happens before and after these points is never recorded. But in other records of speed, as published in the press, and appealing to our imagination, the actual starting from a certain point and the slowing down to the finish is taken, and this should be borne in mind by those who prefer scientific accuracy to sensational advertisements.

But to return to the human being and the power of judging pace. Many things deceive the eye, and size above all other factors alters the judgment. The "*Lusitania*" steaming at twenty-four knots an hour does not appear to be going fast on account of the huge size of the vessel and the cleanness of her wake. A Thames paddle-wheel steamer at the same speed would appear to be simply flying through the water, the result of fuss and smallness. Those who have watched motor-boat racing will corroborate me when I say that a racing-boat forty feet long at the speed of the "*Lusitania*" appears to be almost uncanny in the swiftness with which it moves over the surface of the sea, especially if bow waves are thrown up—like an angel's wings—which of course emphasize the idea of speed to the eye. The same phenomenon is noticeable with regard to trains. An express running down a long gradient with the steam shut off at the rate of a mile a minute does not

appear to be going half so fast as a slower train on a level line, the white steam pouring out of the funnel of the locomotive and drifting back in torn patches over the roofs of the compartments behind. Thus objects detached from but produced by the moving body all assist the eye and the imagination to grasp the idea of pace. Mud splashing from the wheels of a motor-car or dust rising in clouds from behind always tend to make the bystander exaggerate his estimate of speed—apart from natural annoyance. Again, take two bicycles, one high and the other low geared, following each other at a distance of a hundred yards, both proceeding at the same speed. The bicycle which is low geared will appear to be traveling much faster than the high-geared one owing to the fact that the cranks of the former are turning round much more quickly. In the same way a small motor-car buzzing and shaking at twenty miles an hour appears to be bustling on apace, while a big silent-running sixty horse-power vehicle on top gear, though going thirty miles an hour, appears to be hardly moving.

I have often noticed in connection with the human eye's estimate of pace that nothing reassures a policeman inclined to be suspicious about undue speed so much as a look of calm sedateness on the part of the driver. An enthusiast or a nervous motorist bending over the steering-wheel and peering steadfastly but anxiously at the road ahead gives at once an erroneous idea of hurrying, to which illusion policemen and others nearly always fall victims. And yet another notable instance—how largely the impression of an impending accident enters into the estimate of pace. Take an American trotting horse in a two-wheeled buggy travelling at twenty miles an hour, and a horse galloping hard pulling a dog-cart at the same speed. The

trotter appears to be travelling quite safely and even slowly, while the instinct of the average passer-by would be to think that the galloping horse is out of control and running away, and the conviction that a smash was imminent would lead him to say that the horse and dog-cart were being driven at an extraordinary and reckless pace.

In nature the same illusion continually deceives those who are not accurate observers. The fleecy cirrus high in the sky appears to be hardly moving at all, unless carefully observed, while the low scud creeping over the shoulder of a mountain or misty rain blowing over the surface of the ocean gives at once an idea of great speed. But in reality the higher clouds are moving as a rule far more quickly—a fact which is demonstrated on a sunny day when their shadows may be seen moving across the face of land or sea with unexpected swiftness. Take animals again: some, while moving rapidly, hardly appear to be moving at all. The elephant is associated in the human mind with excessive deliberation, and yet, when an elephant wishes, it can cover a short distance at as great a speed as a horse. Short-legged horses and dogs always appear to be moving much faster than those possessing longer legs, for the human eye in these cases judges largely by the rapidity of the leg movement and is thus misled as to the real speed of the animal over the ground. Amongst birds every sportsman knows how, when late in the season a covey of partridges, are put up and an old cock pheasant happens to be flying over at the same time, the pheasant far outstrips the partridge, although he appears to be flying much more slowly. Here it is the question of the wing-beat. The same is true with black-cock and grouse, with cormorants and sea-gulls. Indeed there is nothing in

reality which flies faster than the swan when in full flight, and yet the measured and musical beat of its wings suggests a pace which is steady rather than swift. Let a little bunch of sanderlings become mixed up with a few hoopoes on the wing and the bigger birds leave even these speedy shorelovers, though the latter possess a wing-beat ten times as fast and therefore appear to the eye to be going faster.

It is interesting to note that the authorities at Scotland Yard are fully aware of the great difficulties in judging speed and are endeavoring to train a certain number of men in that most desirable, but difficult, of all human qualities to acquire—a power of accurate observation. It may be that eventually there will be some Metropolitan policemen possessing eyes more accurate than their stop-watches. Already in Surrey "an opinion" as to speed has been enough to convict, though the police witnesses were untrained and therefore totally unreliable!

The human eye is also a rank bad judge of speed when on the moving vehicle itself. There has lately been an interesting discussion in the motor world as to whether the engines of motor-cars run better at night, and numerous motorists have written to say they are convinced that this is so. But the real explanation is that objects seen at night are only those near by, while the objects seen in the daytime include also those far from the traveller. A hedge six feet away past which the car is moving quickly gives an idea of great speed at night, while the objects on a very slowly altering horizon which are seen in the daytime correct the erroneous impression of near objects rapidly altering their position. All locomotive drivers know of this illusion, for on the foot-plate there is the same tendency to judge speed

by things close by. A train running in the same scheduled time by night and day always appears to be going faster at night. Thus the human eye—marvellous apparatus though it is for conveying the sense of light and impressions of objects to the brain—

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has its brain images largely modified by the imagination. The habits of seeing and not seeing alone influence the judgment and tend to destroy the correctness of impression. A good judge of pace is therefore rare, for we are creatures of habit and impression.

Montagu of Beaulieu.

TO A TOAST-MASTER.

Preposterous relic of a golden day

When living programmes, bellowing all they knew,
Announced a knighthood fretting for the fray,
So that the ring might gather who was who—

Which habit yet persists
In you, the herald of the after-dinner lists;—

How I abhor you, posed behind the Chair,

A self-appointed patron of the feast,
Much as a rooster stands, with pompous air,
Upon his midden and acclaims the East;

How I abhor to hear
Your throaty tones, intolerable chanticleer;

Your unctuous tongue, the haunt of turtle fat,
Mouthing the qualities of Duke and Lord,
And your "Pray silence for Sir This or That,"

Which cuts the stillness like a rusty sword,
And makes the wretched Bart
Mislay the opening pleasantry he had by heart.

Perchance I rise to pledge the Flag, and then
You interrupt me, just about to sip,

With that absurd "My Lords and Gentlemen,
The toast is 'Greater Britain.' Hip! Hip!! Hip!!!"

Which always puts me off
So that I have no stomach left to cheer or quaff.

At times I feel that I could kill you dead.

I find my fingers toying with a knife.
Then suddenly there courses through my head
A wave of pity—Heavens, what a life!

And I become quite sorry
For one who suffers such a deal of oratory.

If I can hardly bear it who attend
 These public orgies once or twice *per ann.*,
 What must it be for you who, years on end,
 Endure the strain (I marvel how you *can!*)
 Of night-by-night discourses
 Touching the merits of our Military Forces?

Maybe your manner, masterful and loud,
 Is meant to hide a heart reduced to stone;
 Maybe your starchy front is but a shroud
 For something tragic, if the truth were known;
 A kind of hollow crater
 With cold remains of what was once a human waiter.

So in my finger-glass I weep by stealth,
 Musing upon the irony of Fate,
 That you, who call the toast of others' health,
 Should be yourself in such a morbid state—
 Your breast, once warm inside,
 Now, through incessant speeches, badly petrified.

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY.

Quebec, for all time the strategic key of continental Canada, is unquestionably the most picturesque habitation of men in the New World. Indeed it is inferior in beauty and grandeur of position only to such cities of the soul as Athens and Edinburgh, which are exalted in the light of a broader intellectual day than has yet dawned over the Great Dominion. The "stone nest," for the possession of which Wolfe and Montcalm waged so honorable a contest, is set high above a magnificent waterway such as does not exist anywhere in Europe, and the scenic details of the climbing town are full of charm for the travelled artist. But the setting of this admirably composed picture of a great fortress actually emphasizes its allurements. As one wanders through the Upper Town and its environs, wide sweeping land-

scapes of mountain, plain, and water open out on every side, and the lines of the country roads, marked out by small white homesteads clustered together in a neighborly manner, lead the gaze to the breezy blue horizon, a sufficient symbol of the eternity that blows past us in gusts of time, days and years and centuries. Three centuries have stormed past since Champlain founded this strong eyrie for his people, but the calm has at last come, and the final reconciliation of the two races which fought for it is to be fittingly celebrated this year. To-day there are neither British nor French in the Dominion; one and all its inhabitants are Canadians. And no better way of marking the national sense of the meaning of this *entente*—the basis of true greatness, not mere bigness for a twofold nationality—could have been

devised than the nationalization of the famous battlefields of Quebec, where the blood of the two stocks has commingled again and again. Only those who lack the imaginative faculty which is the vital characteristic of true statesmanship can fail to comprehend the significance of such an omen.

It is proposed to keep the three-hundredth birthday of Canada by the consecration of the battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and of Ste. Foy and the vesting of them in the hands of national trustees as national holy ground. There is no need to show once more that Wolfe's amazing victory was one of the world's decisive battles. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*; there can be no challenging a verdict which is that of scientific history as well as of popular tradition. Yet two points, often overlooked, should be borne in mind by those who wish to perceive the full force of the events which took place on the Plains of Abraham. In the first place, Wolfe's victory would have been meaningless in the end but for the determining influence of British sea-power. Colonel William Wood—one of the Board appointed by the Mayor of Quebec to think out a plan of celebrating the tercentenary—in his *Fight for Canada* has pressed home this truth with the merciless logic of Captain A. T. Mahan, whose pupil he is. The primary cause of the conquest of Canada (New France) is found in the first battle-fleet victories of Pitt's empire-making war. These successes gave us command of the sea, and made the British frontiers coterminous with all the coastlines of France and the French possessions. It was the immense advantage of operating from a naval base that ensured the permanent success of expeditions such as those of Wolfe and Wellington. Montcalm was quite unable to find out what Wolfe was doing behind the impenetrable screen of the British warships, and

the energy and enterprise of his men were squandered in the futile attempt to anticipate the movements of their rambling parties. Wolfe deserves every word of the praise history and tradition have awarded to his great feat of arms. But we must not forget that his army was, after all, no more than a great landing-party and that he himself was but the steel point of the massive marlin-spike which shattered the resistance of Montcalm's forces. We must remember, to quote Colonel Wood's admirable book, "that the three Admirals at Quebec were all the superior officers of Wolfe himself, that there were twice as many seamen as soldiers in the expedition, that the fleet determined the British strategy throughout, that it alone put the army in position to win the great tactical success on the Plains of Abraham, and that the blockade of the French coast and Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay were just as important factors in the North American war as the operations of the armies on the spot." In a word, Wolfe's victory is an everlasting object-lesson in the triumphant influence of sea-power. A consideration of the results of the defeat by Levis of General Murray in the spring of 1760 on the neighboring battlefield of Ste. Foy corroborates this object-lesson. Levis would have assuredly recaptured Quebec but for the appearance of a British fleet in time to save the situation. It is to be hoped that the French Canadians, who have not yet grasped the nature of the determining factor in the fertility of Wolfe's victory and the sterility of Murray's defeat by Levis, will some day accept Colonel Wood's interpretation of these events. Then, and not till then, will Canada see that it is her duty to contribute, directly or indirectly, towards the maintenance of the Imperial Navy, which is the sole security for the Empire's existence. The second point lies further still be-

low the surface of historical phenomena. Montcalm's defeat implied the revolt of the American Colonies. It was prophesied at the time of the battle of Quebec that, if the British were victorious, the New England Colonies would sever their allegiance with the Mother-country in ten years. In fifteen years the prophecy was fulfilled. As long as the hostility of a French possession threatened their borders continually, it was profitable for New England to make use of the military power of Old England. But when this danger was for ever removed they were free to fight for what, in that time and place, seemed a wider and more elastic liberty. The innate lawlessness of a self-existing people has prevented the realization of this hope. To-day at the entrance to New York Harbor Bartholdi's gigantic Liberty gazes out to sea, but turns her back on the crowded wharves. There is freedom in the Atlantic all the way to England. But once he lands in New York the emigrant is the slave of every man who has more money than himself. The dollar is almighty in the American Republic.

Even in the Canadian Dominion the dollar is too mighty as yet. That is why the historic battlefields, which should have been regarded as sacred ground from the first, are defaced by hideous buildings for mean uses. A

The Outlook.

huge, black provincial gaol has been built between the spot where Wolfe was mortally wounded and the spot where he put on immortality. A factory and other unseemly edifices cover the acres consecrated by the blood of Montcalm's veterans. The first step must be to drive the turnkeys and the money-changers out of this temple of the world's remembrance. Federal and provincial subsidies will be given for this work, but the realization of the entire project will be impossible without donations from the public. The King's munificent gift and the equally significant fund which is being raised by the school-children of New Zealand (the little sister-dominion of transcontinental Canada) supply examples which will be generally followed. There can be no doubt that the "King Edward Park," as the nationalized battlefields in their ring of broad tree-fenced avenues are to be christened, will be an accomplished fact before the close of this year. And it is to be hoped that Earl Grey's idea of a conspicuous memorial, an Angel of Peace in white marble to welcome the newcomer, will also be realized. There are three or four Canadian sculptors who could carve this mighty symbol of the reconciliation of French and British in Canada. But—let this Angel of Peace have sword and shield within arm's length. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*

"THE TIMES" CHANGED.

For many months rumor has told of dissensions between various members of the great *Times* partnership, of sharp differences between manager and editor, of sharper differences between manager and proprietor, and of general unhappiness and discontent among many small sleeping partners, who have been disappointed of the in-

come on which they used to count. It is generally supposed that the paper has never recovered from the discovery of the Piggott forgeries, upon the genuineness of which it had staked its reputation. But before then *The Times* had begun to lose something of that marked superiority which made it almost a world power in the middle of

the nineteenth century. It had to decline as the penny Press outgrew it in wealth and circulation. But it could still claim, as in its palmy days, to be the best and most reliable daily newspaper in the world. Its leading articles were generally well written and well informed. If it could be said to have principles of its own it was mildly Liberal. It aimed at following the spirit of the time, and gave the Government of the day a semi-independent support which ensured it an early possession of official announcements. Since the advent of Home Rule, however, and still more since the advent of Tariff Reform *The Times* has voluntarily abandoned its old rôle. During Mr. Chamberlain's agitation it was just as much an organ of the Tariff Reformers as *The Morning Post* or *Daily Express*. It was so frankly Chamberlainite that many German professors jumped to the conclusion that England had been converted to Protection, and wrote elaborate books to show how and why it had come about. Hence the General Election of 1906 was almost as great a shock to *The Times* as the exposure of Piggott. It showed that *The Times* was no longer a barometer of public feeling, but merely the organ of a faction which happened to have secured the adhesion of its proprietors and managers.

To those, therefore, who know the history of *The Times* during the last twenty years the news that the paper has been purchased by a number of rich Tariff Reformers and consigned to the management of Mr. Arthur Pearson, whose fortune as a newspaper proprietor sprang from the success of *Pearson's Weekly*, a periodical based on a clever study of *Tit-Bits*, will not come as a great shock. In fact, there are some who will be glad that it is now *Answers* or *Comic Cuts* or *Pick-Me-Up* that has absorbed *The Times*. As

a matter of fact, we should doubt very much whether Mr. Pearson, after his experience with *The Standard*, will be particularly keen on "reorganizing," as the phrase is, a still older paper like *The Times*. When *The Standard* was taken over we were told that there would be no break in tradition. But, with the exception of the City page, which the purchaser had the wisdom to leave alone, who can recognize the old *Standard* in the new? It will be very much to Mr. Pearson's interest to allow *The Times* to preserve as long as possible at least the appearance of independence. Up to the present, in spite of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and *The Times Book Club*, and the change of spirit and tradition to which we have referred, the Foreign and City pages of *The Times* still possess and deserve a high reputation. *The Times* staff, both at home and abroad, still includes many men of real ability, both as writers and thinkers, who could not by any stretch of the imagination be prostrated under the intellectual control of Mr. Pearson. To direct the policy of a great daily newspaper requires wide reading and knowledge of men, things, countries, Governments, laws and their administration, and a thousand other objects which have never swum into the ken of Mr. Arthur Pearson, and never will. It is, perhaps, too early to make any predictions, but we can quite believe the statement that the present editor, Mr. Buckle, whose ill-health is much deplored by his many friends, will remain editor, at any rate for the present, and there is always a certain safeguard in the fact that the number of English journalists who are willing to hire out their services to any employer and to put up their political convictions to the highest bidder is still extremely restricted, in spite of the efforts that have been made in the last few years to substitute mercantilism

for morality. In all this we do not mean to suggest that Mr. Arthur Pearson might not be a very capable and successful manager. But we are quite certain that the founder of *Pearson's Weekly* and the political director of *The Daily Express* cannot possibly succeed if he is to be (in accordance with one of the statements that have appeared in the Press) "the Prime Minister of *The Times* newspaper." When Mr. Chamberlain introduced Mr. Pearson to the political world as the "champion hustler," whose presidency of the Tariff Reform League meant the speedy and complete overthrow of our crumbling Free-trade system, there were many who felt that the edifice erected by great statesmen like Peel and Cobden and Gladstone, and recognized as indestructible after years of bitter conflict by Disraeli, would hardly collapse at the sound of Mr. Pearson's trumpet. To do Mr. Pearson justice, he soon recognized the situation, and retired from the Premiership of Tariff Reform, in order to pay attention to the numerous publications in which he is interested. It is just

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possible that *The Times*, if it is allowed to become a limited company with new proprietors, may revert to its old traditions and become a semi-official newspaper, priding itself rather upon the fulness and accuracy of its information than upon the ferocity of its political opinions. If this possibility should happily be realized, we should be hopeful that a fresh lease of successful life might be in store for the great newspaper. But if it is to be the slavish creature of a newspaper trust instead of a distinct individuality, or if (as *The Daily Chronicle* states) its policy is to be surrendered to a "hustler," we should regretfully anticipate the continued decline and eventual fall of its empire in the world of journalism. Fancy Printing House Square parcelled out between *The Times*, *The Standard*, *Pearson's Weekly*, *The Daily Express*, and the rest of the combination, and all directed (as we are told they will be) by the master mind of Mr. Pearson! But who, even of his greatest admirers, will give threepence for Mr. Pearson's opinion if he can buy it for a halfpenny?

SOCIAL INTERSTICES.

Civilized society has a tendency to subdivide, and the tendency has been hitherto ineradicable. Class distinctions would seem to answer to some instinct of human nature. Blow them away with powder and shot, and in a few years they reappear in a new form. Run away from them to a new country, and in an incredibly short time there they are again as real as ever. Against them reason cannot prevail. All the preaching in the world has so far done nothing more than lower the barriers to a height climbable by persons of exceptional stature or agility.

The world likes them, and it is by no means certain but that they make for happiness. The love of limitations is as natural to man as the love of freedom. Most people desire to live more or less exclusively among those who have the same habits of life as themselves; and as the exigencies of civilization seem to forbid that all men should have the same occupations, a classless world is hardly conceivable. Given good health and fair luck, a very happy life, perhaps an equally happy life, may be lived in every class except the lowest,—and the dregs of the popu-

lation, however they may disgrace or endanger the country, cannot well be described as a class at all. But the world is not mechanically arranged. The social sub-divisions do not fit into one another like the cells of a beehive, and the tendency of to-day is to make them less and less geometric in their relation to each other. There have been a good many slight shocks of social earthquake since the year 1832, and the component parts of the English hive have shifted appreciably. Between many of the demarcations interstices occur, and in these days of overcrowding the interstices are becoming inhabited. As yet this new population is sparse, and has not formed itself into a regular society. Those who live within the classes converging upon it know little about it, yet it is a population with which before many years are over they will have to count.

Perhaps the largest and most important of these regions lies just outside the enclosure of the intellectual middle class. In it live a set of book-fed men and women who are intellectually very strong, but too many of whom lead a lonely life without any of the pleasures of congenial companionship, and whose minds develop inevitably at the expense of their sympathies. The spirit of the time leads all men everywhere to criticize the social fabric, and those who criticize that fabric from without are often dangerous, and sometimes destructive, critics. Compulsory education until now has not had any very startling effect upon the mass of the people. Boys and girls in all classes have up to the age of fourteen a surprising power to resist instruction, but to this rule there are of course exceptions. Learning is a passion which in certain peculiar natures develops very early, and if he or she be born among simple people it mentally isolates the learner. An educated and able lad coming from an

uneducated milieu cannot go back to seek his friends among them. It is absurd to call him a snob, to tell him that they are as good as he, or that in reality we are all just alike. It may be true, but it is beside the point. Very likely he feels quite certain that the crowd from whom he has come out are as good as, and better than, himself, but his mind is full of things they know nothing about. They have ceased to have any interests in common with him. Very near him, yet across an impassable barrier, he sees men and women who think and talk about what he thinks and would like to talk about. They read the books that he reads, but they do not speak of them to him. Should chance throw them in his way, they do not make friends. The cultivated speak a language in which he is but partially at home. He does not—it stands to reason that he cannot—express himself as easily and as simply as the men to whom a certain recognized method of expression is either hereditary or has become as second nature. Yet often he cannot help being aware that he has more in his mind to express than they have. He talks like a man who has only talked to himself. All such talk has something repellent about it, and that repellent something is felt in all the classes which converge upon his interstice. Possibly he has little humor,—humor of a genial sort comes of human intercourse. Very likely he does not leave his interlocutor a fair share of the conversation,—he has not learned the rights of interlocutors, he has known too few. Again, he is probably ignorant of the relative weight of words. He knows their meanings and their derivations; he is not familiar with their current use. He does not know that a correct sentence may be terribly cumbrous, and may by its unconscious pedantry create in a man of more accomplished speech or a smaller

vocabulary an almost irresistible sensation of amusement. His inferiors, whether they live above or below him, ridicule his strange tongue, and take no great pains to conceal their mockery. He sees he is shut out from their society, and unless he is a specially gracious character, he becomes bitter, and his mind feeds upon itself.

No doubt the exceptional man finds as he grows older a way to remove all obstacles. He finds out how to shut his mind and open his heart to ignorant people, and by the alchemy of simplicity he dissolves the adamant social shell of the most sophisticated. But this sort of grace is the gift of the gods, and they give it rarely. As a rule he gets to feel that every man's hand is against him. Envy and contempt taint his disposition. He sees the good things of life falling to men of half his ability, and he resents it. What do they know which he does not know? Some secret only to be learned within barriers impassable to him. Instinctively he longs to sweep them all away. Hunger makes men fierce, and the hunger for social sympathy is as real as the hunger for food. Of necessity he carries about with him an atmosphere of strangeness far colder than the one which envelops the man who has left one class and gone to live in another. To the Londoner all towns are something alike and each is a key to all. He will soon find his way in Liverpool or Glasgow, though the keen air of those Northern centres may never suit him as well as his native climate. But to one who has lived long enough in the wilderness all cities are equally confusing. Without a guide he is lost.

In social matters it is a sheer impossibility for any thinker to come to

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the truth by the way of logic alone—as well expect to understand the mind of man by dissecting his brain—and this is the only way open to the thinker living outside all social enclosures. At the bar of his own bookish imagination he cross-examines and classifies afresh all those who come across his path, and the conclusion he draws from the results he obtains is that the social fabric must be re-formed upon a basis of reason alone. This conclusion colors his whole outlook upon life, and even tinges the pages of his books. Standing as he does far from the central hearth of every class, he is in a bad position to judge of human nature, and consequently he reckons without his host. In the most literal sense of the word, he is an eccentric and cannot gauge the common good.

The upshot of the matter is that the man who lives in a social interstice is an essentially ignorant man. Yet not infrequently he is the only man qualified to do certain pieces of the world's work. If a country desires that its children should be taught to read—we do not mean only to decipher print—it must seek a well-read man to teach them, and must take such men from wherever they are to be found. Teaching is, perhaps, the most important piece of work which is often done by those who live between the classes. The dangers of the situation are too evident to need recapitulation. It is not the fault of these highly taught eccentrics that their ignorance renders their knowledge dangerous. It is the fault of those who have kept them outside. If the world at large living comfortably in classes is alarmed as to the results of its action, let it go before it is too late into the interstices and compel them to come in.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready a new novel by Violet Jacobs (Mrs. Arthur Jacobs). It is called "The History of Aythan Waring," and is said to be a story of unusual charm and power.

Mr. John Murray will shortly issue "The Life and Letters of John Delane (1817-1879)," editor of the "Times" 1841-1847, arranged by his nephew, Arthur Irwin Dasent. This work will be in two volumes, with portraits and other illustrations.

The Longmans announce the approaching issue of two concluding volumes to "The History of Twenty-five Years," by the late Sir Spencer Walpole. It will be remembered that this work was written in continuation of the author's "History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815 to 1858." The period covered was from 1856 to 1881, and the first two volumes, bringing the record down to 1870, were published four years ago.

The trustees of Shakespeare's birth-place have secured permanent possession of the perfect copies of the original edition of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1600," and of the second edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor, 1619," which formed part of the Rowfant Library of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson. The whole collection was disposed of in 1904 to a New York bookseller, who in turn sold it to an American connoisseur. The bulk of these literary treasures, however, were returned to the London market about twelve months ago.

Professor Harnack has followed up his monographs of "Luke, the Physi-

cian" and the "Sayings of Jesus" by a corresponding study of the "Acts of the Apostles." Harnack arrives at the traditional conclusion that the "Acts" are the work of St. Luke. He is of opinion that one of the reasons why modern criticism has been so reluctant to admit the Lukan authorship of the "Acts" is to be found in the miraculous elements contained in the book. He does not admit the historical character of the miraculous narratives but he says that this is not a sufficient reason for rejecting the authorship by St. Luke.

In "The Philosophy of Common Sense," Mr. Frederic Harrison collects a large number of essays read or published between 1871 and 1892 and adds an introduction and some eight more essays; increasing the bulk of the original matter by about one-half, and presents the sum as a companion to "The Creed of a Layman," published in April 1907. It is partly autobiographical, as it shows the stages by which the author reached the conclusions upon which the creed was based. Its frankness is as extraordinary as its author's merciless way of dealing with himself, and it is a valuable contribution to serious literature. The Macmillan Company.

Among Messrs. Macmillan's most important productions for the present season will be Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," in two volumes, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's "Rambling Recollections," to be published in similar form. Another issue of more than ordinary interest will be "The Autobiography of Montagu Burrows," edited by his son, Stephen M. Burrows. The late Professor Burrows had a singu-

lar career, serving in the Navy until he attained the rank of commander before he went up to Oxford, where he was finally elected Chichele Professor of Modern History and a Fellow of All Souls. His active life at the University covered some forty years.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce that an authoritative "Life of Henry Irving" is in preparation and will be published by them next autumn. The biography is being written by Mr. Austin Brereton, an old and intimate personal friend of the great actor, who was supplied with much valuable and unique material for the work by Sir Henry Irving himself. Sir Henry's sons, Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Laurence Irving, who are the executors under their father's will, have given their cordial consent to Mr. Brereton's undertaking, and have supplied him, for the purpose of this book, with all the records and other documents relating to their father which they possess.

Among the latest publications of the Messrs. Macmillan are "The National Church; Essays on its History and Constitution, and Criticisms of its Present Administration," by Canon Hensley Henson, with an introduction by Dr. J. Llewelyn Davies; "The Negro Races: A Sociological Study," by Jerome Dowd, Lecturer in Sociology at the University of Wisconsin; "The Inward Light," a new book by Mr. H. Fielding Hall, originally announced under the title of "The Soul of the World"; the second volume of the new annotated edition of Tennyson; "The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia," a new work by Mr. J. Putnam Weale; the new edition of Lord Dunraven's "Self-Instruction in the Practice and Theory of Navigation," enlarged to three volumes; and the completing part of Mr.

Thomas Hardy's drama, "The Dynasts."

A new instalment of fifty volumes in "Everyman's Library" is promised for this month. This series far excels in beauty, cheapness and scope all of the current series of reprints. The departments of biography, essays, fiction, history, poetry and drama, romance, travel and young people's books are all represented in the new issues, the books in each department uniform with those of the others, except that each has its distinguishing color of cover. The Dickens volumes in this instalment, like those of earlier issue, have introductions by G. K. Chesterton, one of the most brilliant of contemporary critics. May Sinclair furnishes the introductions for Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley."

Later in the season Messrs. Macmillan will publish "Faust: A Drama," by Mr. Stephen Phillips; "Types of Tragic Drama," by Professor C. E. Vaughan; "The Threshold of Music: An Inquiry into the Development of the Musical Sense," by William Wallace; "The Origin of a Land Flora," by Professor F. O. Bower; "The Story of the Guides," by Colonel G. J. Younghusband; "Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire, A.D. 69-70: A Companion to the 'Histories' of Tacitus," by Bernard W. Henderson, Sub-Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, whose "Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero" appeared in 1903; "Herculaneum; Past, Present, and Future," by Professor Charles Waldstein; an anonymous volume of essays entitled "Confessio Medici"; and "Charity and Social Life," by Dr. C. S. Loch, who has been secretary to the council of the Charity Organization Society since 1875.

